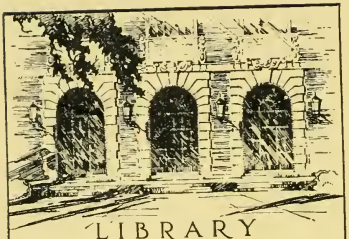

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WHITE AND BLACK:

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

E Ashurst Biggs

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."—SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1862.

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LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

Autograph note on fly leaf: ...
"Given me by the Author E. Ashurst
Bigg..."

Attributed also to Constance Ashurst
Bigg

L.C. copy.

WHITE AND BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

Our "ower true story" commences with introducing to the reader a traveller who arrived at the little town of Jeffersonville one evening in the year 1857—time, six o'clock. Jeffersonville is a small town lying in the northern part of the State of South Carolina, in the then United States of America. Small as it is, not counting more than fifteen houses, it boasts a railway station, several stores, and two rival taverns; and towards the smallest of these the traveller now took his way. He stopped at the railway, and learned, to his evident vexation, that there would be no train northwards that evening. He had arrived at the village on foot, carrying a small

black bag, appeared much fatigued, and limped painfully on one foot. He was about thirty years of age, tall and well-made, and his expression of countenance was an unusually pleasing combination of firmness and benevolence, seriousness and yet frankness. But, nevertheless, he did not please the criticising eyes of the tavern-keeper, who could not understand the reason for the gentleman appearing on foot, when horses and waggons were to be had. The young man, therefore, on entering the tavern, had to answer a perfect fire of questions, of which the result was, that his name was Edward Johnson, that he was a citizen of, and returning to, Cincinnati, and that he had travelled across country from Charleston; and then he was relieved from the necessity of replying to further questions, for a moment, by the entrance of the Jeffersonville letter-carrier.

"Well, Mr. Sims, and how do *you* do? Have you finished? Can you stay and have a cocktail now?"

"No, I can't stay now. I'm goin' up to Squire Morton's to take a letter."

"Do tell—but his nigger Jim comes

down every two days to ask for the letters, doesn't he?" said a small lad who was busily chewing tobacco, and aiding the master of the house to order about his negro servants.

"Well, now, he does; but Squire Morton came down himself to me, Monday, and asked if I would bring up any letters that came while those Britisher folk were with him, for they were in a derned hurry to hear from across the millpond."

"Well, I wouldn't go out of my way to take letters up for any Britisher—I wouldn't, now," said the boy who had previously spoken; but the letter-carrier, who had been well paid by the Squire for his trouble, did not deign to take any notice of the remark, and asked:

"Who was that who came by the cars yesterday, and went up to the Hill House to see Squire Morton?"

"That's Mr. Ellsland of Madison — a gentleman right down, works five hundred niggers."

"Do tell — I've never seen him come here before. Didn't know he was a friend of Mr. Morton's."

"Oh! I calculate Mr. Morton has friends enough when he is at his place near Charleston, for all he lives so quiet here with pretty Miss Irene; but Master Ellsland has gone off again this morning. He is tearing round the country, looking after one of those derned Northern abolitionists who are skulking up and down, whom he swears he'll have one of these days."

"Do you know his name?" asked the young Northerner, who felt that all eyes were turned upon him with such an expression of curiosity and suspicion, that it was better to speak at once.

"Yes, it was Edward Maxwell. Maybe you've heard tell of him?" said the letter-carrier suspiciously.

"I have heard of him, and seen his name in the 'New York Herald,'" said the other lightly; and he presently rose, and, taking up his carpet-bag, asked the nearest way to the Louisburg station.

"Twenty miles; you are not thinking of going there to-night, stranger?" said the letter-carrier suspiciously; but Mr. Johnson explained that he wished to visit a friend whose house lay midway between that

station and Jeffersonville, and he intended to take the train again the next morning at Louisburg. Against such good reasoning there could be no argument, but the tavern-keeper watched the departing guest uneasily as he walked away limping, and the letter-carrier hastily finished his glass, and followed him up the steep ascent which led from the town to the neighbouring pine-barren.

"Well, now, it was a pity you did not stop at the tavern, stranger," he remarked as he overtook the traveller; "it is a long march to the next stopping place, and the road is a lonely one. Why could you not stop at the tavern, now?"

"Oh! I've no fear of the road," replied his companion gaily; "but can you tell me if this Mr. Morton you spoke of is the same as a gentleman of that name who owns a large plantation near Elmhill?"

"You ain't fur wrong—that's he, now. He has two other handsome estates, but he lives there most of his time. His daughter, his only daughter, is here; and she is quite handsome and elegant, and worth a real fortune by all they say."

"And the English friends he has with him?"

"Oh! they are as much strangers to him as to you, as for any old acquaintance. They came here in the cars a fortnight ago from the North, and the old gentleman was taken out in a fit. People said he was reading the newspapers and saw something he didn't like about his brother or his money, and it turned him a heap like. He lay in the tavern down there, and his son and the young lady were in a sad fix with him; when Mr. Morton came driving down in his waggon, and came in and saw him, and he would take them all back with him to his own house, and there they have been ever since."

The letter-carrier had more to say concerning the travellers, but his companion paid him no attention. He looked to the right and the left, with an uneasy air of which the postman took careful notice, until they came to Mr. Morton's gate, where the postman stopped, and, while opening it, took a long and critical survey of the stranger.

"Well, what do you see to look at so in

me?" said Mr. Johnson good-humouredly; "you seem only half satisfied with me."

"You're a likely lad, and I wish you were not from the North," said the letter-carrier; but he was interrupted by a voice, which drew his attention and that of his companion to a young girl who stood beside the dark green hedge of live-oaks on a high bank near them.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sims; you have a letter, I am sure. Throw it up to us; you need not go all the way up to the house."

"There it is, Miss Irene, and a newspaper too," said the postman, dexterously tossing them up to and over the fence which ran along the summit of the bank. The young lady caught them with a gay laugh, and, turning to a companion behind her, observed:

"Here, Constance, do I not always prophesy truly? I was sure you would have both letter and newspaper to-day. Now, shall we go with them to your father?"

"No, I would rather show them to my brother first; my father is still too weak to bear any excitement, so Charles shall open them."

"Oh! very well, supposing they contain any bad news, but I am sure they do not;" and the two girls disappeared from sight among the dark myrtle-like foliage of the trees. Mr. Johnson ought to have taken this opportunity to leave his troublesome and unwelcome companion behind, while his attention was occupied by the young ladies; but his fancy had been so attracted by the bright eyes, golden curls, and clear complexion of the fair speaker, and the delicate little hand grasping the rough railing, that he forgot to move on, and when the young girl turned away, he found himself once more the object of the postman's unpleasant curiosity. The old man, however, had no desire to follow him up the steep hill any further, and only remarked, as he turned to descend the road towards the town:

"If you are one of those Northern fellows who come sneaking round amongst us and telling the niggers to run off, you'd best make tracks back again. There are a rough lot up there among those pine-barrens, and if they don't like a visitor, they'll not be slow to tell him so."

"Oh! thank you for your good counsel; I fear no one," was the cheerful reply of Mr. Johnson; but as soon as the postman had left him his whole demeanour changed; a look of deep anxiety came over his face, and after casting an anxious glance along the road, he turned quickly aside, and, leaping the fence of the adjacent field, pursued his journey by another path. His course was still northward, for his object was to rejoin the railway line at a station some twenty miles further on; but this was a task to which he soon found his physical powers unequal. The injury his foot had sustained by a fall some days before was very severe, and though he still dragged himself along, it was but slowly, and with great suffering. The descending sun found him worn out and faint with pain, alone and unable to proceed, in a narrow path amongst dark and lonely pine woods. The postman would have been triumphant had he seen him; but another traveller of a different stamp was approaching the place, and Johnson was roused from his very gloomy reflections by the sound of a horse's hoofs, and presently

the rider hailed him, and asked what he was doing there. The new-comer was a young man, good-looking and well-dressed, and was evidently a gentleman of education and well-to-do. The tone of his voice as he addressed the traveller was careless, much the tone with which he would have called his dog or his negro servant; but as Johnson, dizzy with pain, made no immediate answer, the gentleman, evidently mistaking him for a foreigner, proffered his services to him in French, and his voice then, in its well-bred cordiality, was a strange contrast to his first manner of address. Johnson answered that he was a native of Ohio, and was now resting himself, being delayed in his journey by an injury to his foot. He also asked if there were any house near where he might obtain a night's lodging.

"If you will mount on my horse, I will soon take you to one," said the other, springing to the ground, "and I will send a servant to the nearest surgeon's at once. Let me assist you to mount."

Johnson hesitated, so did the stranger; and both looked attentively at each other. It was nearly dark, but features could still

be distinguished. Both were mutually pleased with each other's face, and yet neither felt satisfied. The stranger looked at Johnson's black bag and at his lame foot.

"Your recommending the house ought to be enough for me, Sir," said Johnson, cautiously; "and yet may I ask, is it a regular tavern or a farm-house?"

"It is neither; it is not my house, and yet I am the master there for the present moment. I can invite you there as if it was my own."

"I should esteem myself most fortunate in being your guest," said Johnson, hesitating; "but I think under the present circumstances, as I may be invalided for some time, and shall perhaps require to send for some of my friends, I would prefer going at once to a quiet tavern or house of entertainment."

The stranger's dark eyes flashed with a mischievous smile as he answered, "Your foot has borne up very well, Mr. Maxwell; I think I heard you were limping before you left Madison;" and as the other sprang back with a start of surprise, he added,

laying his hand on the Northern man's shoulder, "You will hardly outrun George Ellsland, Mr. Maxwell; he is on your trail, and you had best come back with me until he has passed by."

Mr. Johnson, or Edward Maxwell the abolitionist, as he now stood discovered, felt a cold thrill of horror run through him as he saw himself, helpless and almost unable to move, in the hands of a planter, as he easily guessed the young man must be; but he maintained a steady front and unmoved voice as he asked:

"Do you intend to give me up to George Ellsland, then?"

"No; for I do not think you are in a condition to stand the cowhide yet, nor the tarring he has in store for you. I shall take you with me, and with me you will be safe; he will never look for you in my custody. Will you like to mount my horse? My word of honour you shall not be given up to Ellsland."

"And who are you?" Maxwell asked, as with some difficulty he got into the saddle.

"A South Carolinian planter," replied

the other shortly and haughtily; and throwing over his arm the bridle, which he had never trusted out of his hand for a moment, he led the horse along the narrow lane until they reached the gate of a country-house of little pretensions, but well-built and comfortable, and here assisting his guest to dismount, he conducted him to a well-furnished bed-room, where an old negro woman was soon employed in bathing and rubbing his injured ankle, which was in a state of high inflammation and much swollen.

For three or four days Maxwell could do nothing but lie still, resting his foot, overpowered by the fever into which his four days' wanderings and sleepless, shelterless nights had thrown him. His host came twice a day to inquire after his health, and he wanted for nothing, for the old negress was an excellent nurse, and everything in the house was, he was told, at his disposal; but his state of mind was not an enviable one. Apprehensions of a long detention and captivity, and even of personal violence, haunted him day and night,—more in the last, for he had run

through great dangers which he tried to prevent dwelling on while awake, but which recurred to him with startling vivacity during his feverish sleep. He had been compelled by private business to travel in the Southern States under an assumed name, for his own was too well known as a friend of certain runaway slaves to be a safe introduction for its owner; and four or five days since, while passing near the estate of Mr. Ellsland, a planter in a Western county in the State, he had remembered a promise given to an old slave-woman recently arrived in Philadelphia, that he would inquire if a daughter she had left in slavery was still on that plantation. He approached the place with the design of seeking a conversation with one of the field-hands, when he was met by the planter himself, who, not liking his Northern accent, and growing suspicious as to his character, warned him rudely off, and went to inquire particulars of him at the tavern where he had lodged the previous night. Judging, from what he gathered there, that the stranger, Edward Johnson of Cincinnati, was no other than

a certain Edward Maxwell of Philadelphia, whose name he knew and hated, he gave an immediate chase. Mounted on a strong horse and attended by two or three gentlemen and overseers, he followed the young man for nearly three days over a cross country, where fortunately his horse's speed was of little use to him, until Maxwell, worn out with fatigue and pain, for he had travelled most of the way on foot, sank down exhausted in the little wood where his new acquaintance had found him. How he was to be delivered from his hands he did not know: he saw he was a prisoner, and his host had not yet said a word of releasing him, and Maxwell did not feel by any means assured that he would, or, if he did, that he might not couple his offer of liberty with some condition for his future conduct, which he would not feel disposed to accept, and he therefore turned his thoughts more to the chances of escaping from his temporary asylum before it was acknowledged to be a prison. Should he remain in the hands of his present gaoler, his escape would be no easy task; for a more resolute countenance he had never

seen in one so young, for he judged him to be not more than twenty-three or four. But this house was not his host's own, and he might any day be summoned to return to his own plantation further South, and leave his prisoner to a less careful guardian, and in that chance Maxwell placed his hope. However, he was glad to find his health mending, for he knew that his escape must depend on his own strength and quickness of foot when the favourable opportunity came.

As his fever abated, and his old nurse pronounced him well enough to see "comp'ny," his host's daily calls were exchanged for longer visits. He lit his cigar, and sat down by his guest's sofa, and commenced a friendly chat. Carefully avoiding the favourite topic of home politics and the price of cotton, he led the conversation from the beautiful prospect enjoyed from the window of the invalid's room, to painting and fine art, and from that to Italy, which he had lately visited, and in the political struggles of which he was deeply interested. The news of the daring but ill-fated enterprise of the Cagliari had just

reached America, and the death of its leader, the brave Pisacane, and the sufferings of his companions, seemed to have painfully excited the feelings of the young American. He talked long and earnestly of the heroic sacrifices and efforts the unfortunate Italian nation had made for freedom during the last fifty years; and he grew so eloquent while dwelling on the subject, that Maxwell involuntarily exclaimed, as he listened with kindling sympathy to his narrative:

"How can a man of your feelings be a friend of George Ellsland, or of men like him?"

"George Ellsland perfectly shares my feelings about European politics," replied the other; and Maxwell rejoined in surprise:

"He! I never should have imagined it."

"You will find, Mr. Maxwell, that the spirit of liberty, and the power to appreciate the noble sacrifices men make for freedom, is a distinct privilege of the Southern States. Northern men can worship power and wealth, but to sympathise with the holy efforts of suffering Italy and Poland, needs the chivalry of the South.

When Ingraham defied the tyranny of Austria in defence of one unhappy exile, it was our glory before Europe that he was a slaveholder like ourselves. Only Southern men, I repeat, can sympathise with the heroic defenders of liberty in downtrodden Italy."

"Their sympathy with liberty in Italy may be very safe, while they themselves out-Austria Austria to their own negroes," interrupted Maxwell incautiously.

The Southerner's eyes flashed fire, but he made no answer for a moment, during which he evidently struggled with himself for calmness, and then said, "You do not understand our institutions, and have been prejudiced against us by fools and anarchists. I believe myself that negro slavery is a natural and therefore a divine ordinance, and as for the cruelties which occasionally disgrace it, and which I deplore as much as you do, they are no more part of the system, than the starvation and poverty which exist in the Northern States are part of American freedom."

"I cannot argue the question with you with any fair hope of success now," said

Maxwell, who felt that excitement was fast overpowering both his strength and his prudence; "but I think, if you could dispassionately——"

"Dispassionately, eh? yes, and quietly this evening. I shall, I hope, see you again at dinner, and we will talk it over then. You will be better able to show cause on your side, and I shall be glad to prove to you that we in the South are willing to give the subject a fair hearing; and so now good morning."

An offer of this nature from a Southerner was an unusual favour, and confirmed Mr. Maxwell in the high opinion he had already formed of his host, and protector, for such he really was while concealing him from the vindictive pursuit of Mr. Ellsland. He responded to his courteous challenge by coming to the encounter with as much patience and as much consideration for the necessary prejudices of a planter as he could possibly muster; and as a good dinner is no bad introduction to a discussion, the two gentlemen conducted their argument in a very friendly and conciliatory spirit for nearly an hour, only occasionally

suspending their conversation for a moment in consideration of the negro who waited at table, although enough was said by the young planter himself to have aroused the attention and curiosity of any slave. At last, when there seemed no probability that the opinions of either disputant were likely to undergo the slightest modification, they stopped awhile, as if by mutual consent; but when they were again alone, Maxwell luxuriously installed on his sofa, and the Southerner soothed and comforted by his cigar, the latter continued:

"Now to resume our argument. If you look back to history as you proposed doing, we shall still find that slavery, either recognised or unrecognised, has been a necessary element of every successful republic. The governing class must not be so numerous as to become unwieldy, and yet it is in vain to expect social or political virtue from men whose civil rights are not fully recognised. You require a system which would place these men—the workers —under the control of the superior class, who may think for them and be responsible for their good conduct. Pericles, you will remember, found the number of Athenian

citizens too great, and was obliged to reduce more than one fourth of them to slavery to save Athens; and the Roman law of which we were speaking——"

"But for us who live in a totally different civilisation, the example of ancient Rome is no guide whatever," interrupted Maxwell; "that you must allow."

"Oh! I agree there," said the planter quickly; "that was my own argument. The rules that were good for other states are no rules for ours. It is on our own natural need of the institution that it ought to be defended; the soil, the climate, the conditions of America, our peculiarities as a nation and a race, and our form of government, all cry out for slavery as a necessary part of their well-being, and a thing requisite for the real development of their destiny. If you want proof of this, take the British West Indies, which are geographically a part of the United States, as I trust they will be politically at no distant day; and what an absolute ruin they show us, in spite of being bolstered up with home protection, and in spite of their great advantages of soil and climate!"

"No, I deny that they are ruined," said Maxwell; "English statistics prove the contrary;" and he treated his companion to a well-learnt table of figures, to show that the prosperity of the West India Islands had not decreased since the emancipation of the slaves. The Southerner smiled incredulously.

"Of course a government will take care to prove its own policy answers; but we have more reliable information from the planters themselves, which I wish I had here for your reading."

It was now Maxwell's turn to smile, but he made no answer, and the Southerner, politely pushing the wine decanter again nearer to his guest, continued: "I believe myself,—I am *sure* that slavery is right; it is a natural institution, and clearly enjoined by religion. If we begin with the Old Testament — ah! I see what you are going to object. A peculiar people, barbarous times, no example for us who have a better dispensation. Well, then, as a Christian, I maintain that slavery is justified and even recommended by the New Testament; no, perhaps I should not say recommended, but——"

"No, I should think not," said the Northerner indignantly, "when it tells the masters to give that which is just and equal to their servants."

"Well, but that which is just and equal for them is not necessarily civil and political equality," replied the planter, smiling; "those texts about servants, which include, remember, 'obedience to masters,' are only rules for the proper relation between owner and slave — of course you are aware that the ancient term servant meant slave. The very existence of these rules proves that the Apostles thought slavery to be quite compatible with, and desirable for, the new church."

Maxwell had much to say of the necessity of judging Christianity by its general spirit, not by individual texts, showing that many sentences could be quoted by tyrants and kings against rebellious subjects, while, nevertheless, no republican would allow that Christianity was opposed to a righteous defence of his liberty; but his antagonist replied carelessly, "We mean the same thing there. I allow that Christianity does not positively by words enjoin slavery, and

I grant that a man may be a Christian without holding slaves, though I think Christianity contemplates his doing so; the spirit of our religion, I feel certain, when properly interpreted, would justify the institution. You are a Christian, I believe, Sir. I know many of your associates pride themselves upon disbelieving our religion."

"They might well disbelieve a religion which could support such a system as that which you would persuade yourself is sanctioned by it. It is as a Christian that I ——"

"You are getting warm, my dear Sir," said the Southerner, bowing. "It is true, as you say, that Christianity seeks the greatest good of all mankind, but I maintain, and I am a Christian too, that slavery has done positive good to the inferior race whom it controls, and certainly good to ours. I believe a good many of the abolitionists in the North are almost professed unbelievers. But if they are, their *natural and inductive* religion would support our institutions, if it is founded, as they say, on the natural specialities and capabilities of races and classes of men; and *universal tradition* shows slavery always existing

from the remotest times, and, therefore, it probably will exist as long as the human race lasts."

"There is no need to inquire what true religion enjoins," replied Maxwell hotly. "The question is answered by the far lower arguments of dollars and cents."

"I assure you, Sir, that for my part, if I did not feel that Christianity sanctions slavery, I should be very unhappy as a slaveholder."

The young man spoke so earnestly at this moment that Maxwell, though angry with his sophistry, felt he liked him more than ever, and began to entertain some faint hopes of converting him at last.

"Can you reconcile the flogging and torturing of your slaves with the precepts of Christian charity, then?" he asked, shifting the point of attack.

"Not unnecessary punishment, of course I do not," replied the planter. "Pray help yourself to the wine. I know power may be abused, and so may everything else given to man, but a good man will treat his niggers and his cattle well and considerately; that is his duty, and it is theirs

to serve him faithfully, and if we sometimes are a little harsh when they neglect their work, it is the fault of their and our imperfection, not of slavery itself.

Maxwell was ready with his reply, and they continued the subject for some time longer, but it was inexhaustible and painfully exciting; and when both had risen from table in despair, and the planter was walking up and down the room in a vain attempt to grow calm again, the accidental return of the servant was accepted by them both as a fortunate interruption; a new conversation was begun, and with some effort on each side the evening finished amicably. Maxwell, however, passed a feverish night, and felt that he had foolishly over-excited himself in his present weak condition.

The next morning his host said to him, "I am now returning to my plantation at Madison, but I beg you to stay here nevertheless. I feel privileged to ask you in the name of the master of this house, but as soon as you are able to travel I advise you instantly to go north. If you linger on the road, you will certainly find Mr. Ells-

land on your tracks. I trust, Mr. Maxwell, you will have gained a warning by this adventure, and will be content to remain at home and leave us to manage our own affairs in our own way."

"If I have not gained a warning, Sir, I shall at least take back with me a most grateful impression of your courtesy and kindness, which I shall never forget, and I only wish I could see you at the North, and no longer a slaveholder."

"You have had your warning, Mr. Maxwell, I hope," interrupted the other shortly. "I trust you will not venture here again, for if you do you will certainly rue the attempt. I have protected you this time, because I did not wish you to be the victim of Ellsland's and Benson's indignation; but you are now well cautioned, and I tell you fairly that if ever I meet you on Ellsland's plantation or on mine, I will shoot you through the head as I would do a wolf who brings anxiety and mischief along with him everywhere."

A proud glance of defiance shone in Maxwell's eyes; but he answered, "For my own sake and yours too, Sir, I shall not willingly

give you the chance. I told you that I came here only on my own private business; but, feeling as I do that slavery is a wicked and accursed thing, I cannot pledge myself to give up my war against it, and if, by coming down here, I can by any way aid the cause of the oppressed and downtrodden, no danger will, I hope, deter me."

"You have had your warning," repeated the planter coldly, and he turned to go, but suddenly retracing his steps, he shook hands warmly with Maxwell, and said, "Though I feel you are grievously mistaken about us and our institutions, yet I sympathise with your courage, and trust we shall never meet again but as friends. Farewell."

CHAPTER II.

Our story returns to the two young ladies whom we left in the garden of the hill-house at Jeffersonville, happy in the arrival of the much longed-for letter. Irene Morton, the youngest and the loveliest, we have already tried to introduce. Constance Annersly, the English girl, who, after a fortnight's acquaintance, had become a very confidential friend of her merry companion, was a few years the elder, and, though the inferior in beauty, yet very attractive and lady-like in personal appearance, her dark hazel eyes, black hair, and pale though not unhealthy complexion, forming a strong contrast to the sunny-browed, fair-tressed Irene, who, chattering with the usual vivacity of sixteen, now did the honours of the garden to her.

"Oh! we need not return ourselves to give your brother the letter," said Miss Morton. "Mary shall take it, and we can

finish our walk. It will go safely, you need not fear — she is very careful; and there again is another advantage of having a servant who cannot read and peep into the corners of the envelope."

"If you mean to allude to the question of slave servants, you know I cannot admit or find any excuse for it; but, dear Irene, I am so tired of arguing, I do not want another discussion to-day," replied Miss Annersly, carelessly.

"Oh! well, then, I won't tease you, you dear thing. You will think differently of it some day, and come to like us a little better, dear Constance."

"No, *that* I am sure I cannot do; I love you now too much, and nothing can ever express the gratitude I feel to your dear father for all his kindness to us and his care of Papa."

"Well, I hope you will show your gratitude, as I said, by staying with me a little longer. You don't know what a treat your company is to me. You are the first friend of my own age that I have had. I do so want you to stop; your father will say yes, I am sure, although

your brother is in such a hurry to get away from us."

"Charles is very anxious to get back to England now," answered Miss Annersly. "My father has intrusted a great deal of money to a person of whose power of managing it we now feel great doubt, and we have heard some news that has made us very uneasy. Charles would have gone back already if my father had not been taken so ill; and I dare say you have guessed that his illness arose in great part from anxiety."

"Oh! I trust, dear Miss Annersly, the letter we have just sent to your brother will remove all your uneasiness: of course, though, he will read it before Mr. Annersly sees it."

"Oh! certainly, for fear there should be any bad news. But, dear Miss Morton, you were saying Charles was in a hurry to leave you and your father. I assure you, on the contrary, he is very unwilling to do so: he thinks you the *most* charming girl in America."

"Oh yes, I understand the full force of that compliment," replied Irene, laughing;

but her colour rose, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure nevertheless. "He thinks very little of my countrywomen. Now, had he said the most charming girl in Italy, that might mean something indeed. Italian ladies are, I see, his ideal."

"He said in America or England, and he means by that in the world," said Miss Annersly; and then she blushed as her companion blushed, and they walked on for a few minutes in silence, until Miss Morton said:

"Let us go again to your father, Constance, and beg him to let you remain with me while he goes on to Charleston with Mr. Charles. It would be such a kindness to me, for I have no friend of my own age here at all, and it is like a new life to me to be with you."

"You must feel very lonely when your father is at Elmhill or at Charleston. Is he much away?"

"Oh! almost always now, and I do sometimes feel very tired of dear good Mrs. Lessing; but I hope Papa will take me to Charleston this fall and let me come out. That is my hope, my aspiration. But look! there is Mary running to call us."

Half an hour before this conversation took place, Mr. Bernard Morton and his guests had been at dinner. When the two young ladies had left the dining-room for their walk, he and the younger Englishman sauntered out upon the terrace; the elder Annersly, who was still very weak, remained in his arm-chair, saying as his son went out,

"Charles, let me have the letters as soon as they come, and the 'Times,' should a copy be sent.

"Certainly, father, you shall have them directly," replied Charles Annersly, and he went into the garden, where his host, Mr. Morton, was already talking with Mrs. Lessing, an elderly widow lady, who for four years had been governess for Irene, and housekeeper for him. The good woman was full of sympathy for the Annerslys, and of curiosity about their affairs likewise.

"So you know nothing about it, Sir? They are evidently very anxious, and you know it was bad news which made the old gentleman so sick."

"I know nothing, my dear Madam; they

would probably tell us of their anxiety if we could be of the slightest use to them. Till then, I feel it is more hospitable to think nothing about it. Will you take care that the letters are brought up directly they come?" and Mr. Morton turned towards his guest who now approached them.

The young Englishman was, like his sister, a favourable specimen of his country. He was like her in feature, but less quiet and serious in manner, though at that moment a shade of anxiety on his countenance made him look more thoughtful than was his wont. He, however, entered cheerfully into conversation with his host, and asked several questions about the growth of cotton and other Southern interests. Mr. Morton answered them at some length, and concluded by saying,

"But you shall see for yourself; you must pay a visit to my other estates. Come down with me to Charleston while your father and sister remain here, and then we will go on to Elmhill. It is a plantation worth seeing."

"I suppose it is, I have been told so by

many people, and you have a third as large, have not you? You are an extensive proprietor."

"Yes, I am; but what is the use of being so without a child to inherit it?" said Mr. Morton; and as Annersly looked at him in astonishment, he added, "I mean with no son to inherit it from me."

"But with such a daughter you need not lament the want of a son," said Charles quickly; "what would you have?"

"Oh! a son as good," said Mr. Morton laughing, and then he continued, "But a daughter does not inherit your name; she is merged in your son-in-law."

"I should think you might choose your son-in-law from the best families in America, when once Miss Morton has been introduced to general society."

"She is beautiful, you are right," replied the father in a tone of gratified pride; "but she will choose for herself. I shall not attempt to influence her heart."

The arrival of Irene's servant with the letter here put an end to the conversation, and Mr. Morton, divining that his guest would rather peruse its contents alone,

begged him to excuse his absence, and calling Mrs. Lessing to him, led the way into his study. He had an important and embarrassing piece of information to communicate to her, and hardly knew how to begin; so she got the first word, and opened upon him unexpectedly with a reproof, — a rare piece of courage in Mrs. Lessing, who was generally somewhat afraid of the planter.

"My dear sir, you are too open; forgive me, but you really are too cordial with that young Englishman: you talk to him in a way that would — that would almost encourage him to propose to your daughter himself."

"Do I, Mrs. Lessing? I do not; but what if he did? He is a most estimable young man, and if Irene liked him, perhaps I should not object to him either. I see he is smitten with her already."

"An Englishman! To lose her, and let her go to England!" exclaimed the governess indignantly; but moderating her tone she added, "But perhaps he would stay here. Of course he would, because of the estates."

"I do not think my estates will belong to him," said Mr. Morton coldly; "I shall give Irene a good portion when she marries, and keep my estates for any future claim I may have upon me. By the bye, do you remember, my good lady, your advice to me four years or so ago, about choosing a wife for myself, to help me to keep house and be comfortable?"

Mrs. Lessing was perfectly silent, but when the gentleman repeated the question, she replied,

"Yes, I remember it, Sir, it was when Miss Morton was a child, and had no one to look after her. I said then, that she needed a friend, a mother, and that you would do well to marry for her sake; but the case is very different, now that Miss Morton is grown up to be a young woman."

"Indeed, I am sorry that is your opinion now, Mrs. Lessing; I did not then care to marry, for I had not met the lady who would have made me happy, but during the past year things have changed for me."

Mr. Morton was now silent in his turn, evidently waiting for Mrs. Lessing to ask him further questions; but the lady seemed

unwilling to do so, and it was some moments before she said, with visible constraint in her manner,

"I had heard, Sir, a report — it is some weeks since, — that you were already married, but I did not pay any attention to it, as you had not intimated anything of that kind to Miss Morton."

Mrs. Lessing spoke in a tone of quiet displeasure that showed she felt the slight offered her pupil and herself, but Mr. Morton refused to notice it, and answered,

"I felt sure, my dear Madam, that you must have heard of it, and that you had already acquainted Irene with it. However, it is owing to the unforeseen visit of our new friends that I have not already sought the occasion of informing you of my marriage. It took place, as you rightly suppose, two months since."

Mrs. Lessing made no rejoinder. She had already ascertained that the chance report of Mr. Morton's marriage that had reached her was true, and was not at all surprised to hear it now confirmed; but she was deeply chagrined that her darling pupil had not been present at the marriage, and

the reflection that Irene was no longer the presumptive heiress of her father's great property did not console the affectionate old lady. After some minutes' silence she said,

"Miss Morton has not yet seen the lady, Sir."

"No; I am sorry it has so happened, and unfortunately she will not as yet, for we are going down to Augusta to visit Mrs. Morton's uncle. You now see my excuse, Mrs. Lessing, for not staying here these last ten days with our guests. I have left Mrs. Morton at Elmhill. However, now about Irene; I wish her to see something of society. Will you write for me to your brother, Dr. Mayworth in Philadelphia, and ask him to take suitable apartments there for you and her? She ought to be out in society, and she could not have a better chaperon than you, my dear Madam."

"To Philadelphia? why, in the name of all common sense?" said Mrs. Lessing in astonishment; "will she not go with you to Charleston, Sir?"

"No; there is a reason against that, there would be no one to go out with her; Mrs.

Morton is hardly older than Irene herself. And Miss Annersly, of whom Irene seems already very fond, is going to Philadelphia with her father, and that is a good reason for choosing it."

"But, my dear Sir, it is so much more natural that a young lady should first see society among her father's friends, and you have none in Philadelphia."

"None, certainly, that I should choose her to meet; but as to Charleston, I have told you I shall be absent from it for some time. I am going now to Augusta, and then somewhere else. But, my dear Madam, you yourself know so many people in Philadelphia, that I should be quite content for Irene to make her *début* amongst your acquaintances, and under your care, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

Mrs. Lessing saw that the case was settled; it was evident the young Mrs. Morton had no desire to chaperon her growing-up step-daughter, and that was the real secret why Irene should not go to Charleston. The governess was naturally glad for her own sake not to lose her pupil, and Mr. Morton had skilfully

found the right balm to soothe her injured feelings. She was proud of her own relations in Philadelphia, and liked the idea of returning to them accompanied by Irene, decked out by the liberal allowance which Mr. Morton said he was prepared to make her. It was therefore arranged that, as soon as the Annerslys left them, Irene and her governess should follow them to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Lessing, at Mr. Morton's request, sat down to write to her brother, and Mr. Morton to read his newspaper, from which he was roused by the entrance of Irene with a face of consternation.

She told him that the news received by their guests was most serious, and that the servant had incautiously carried the newspaper to old Mr. Annersly, and while his son was considering how best to break the evil tidings to him, he had read it already in its columns. Weak and faint from his late illness, he had been overpowered by the shock, and was found by his son lying speechless and paralysed in his chair a few minutes later. The news was worse than he had expected. He had

long since retired from business himself, but had entrusted much of his capital to his brother, and had been induced by his entreaties, in defiance of his own better judgment, to go on placing more and more of it in his hands, until the unsuccessful merchant suddenly failed, and Mr. Annersly found himself and his children totally ruined. For some weeks he had been uneasy about his affairs, and would have already returned to England to set his mind at ease, but his health was affected by the heat of the climate and the fatigue of travelling; and when the first intimation of the impending disaster reached him, his excitement and agitation quickly produced the illness which detained him at Jeffersonville.

From this first attack he had partly recovered under the kind care of Mr. Morton, but now his enfeebled frame was unable to bear up against the confirmation of his misfortunes, and he sank completely under it. He regained consciousness at the end of some hours, but the gleam of hope thus aroused in his children's hearts was quickly dispelled; he pressed their hands affec-

tionately, but could not speak, and soon relapsed into insensibility. After lingering a few days in this condition, he died, quietly and apparently without pain.

I pass over the grief of his children, as it is unnecessary to sadden the reader with the recital of a sorrow only too common, and yet almost impossible to be truly and adequately described. Charles and Constance Annersly had loved their father with the warmest affection and veneration. Two years before this, their mother's death had left him their only friend and counsellor, and taught them also, by the loss of one parent, how dear the surviving one was to them. The presence of strangers, sympathising though they were, soon obliged them to assume a calm demeanour, but their grief only lay the deeper and stronger for being driven from the surface. The kind and delicate sympathy of Mr. Morton was now more than ever shown towards the bereaved and disconsolate strangers. He took the whole direction of the funeral upon himself, as fully and as completely, as if he had been a friend of the deceased for many years standing,

instead of an acquaintance of only a few weeks. He asked no intrusive questions, offered no officious advice, but did all that was needful, and his sympathy with their sorrow was so unaffected that Charles Annersly soon found himself talking to him about his future prospects and seeking his counsel as that of an old friend. He even submitted to what his own proud spirit of independence would in any other case have rendered impossible, in accepting his offer of hospitality for his sister, until he should have arrived in England and could write to her from thence, when he had seen what little could be saved from the wreck of their property. Constance, whose strength, already taxed and exhausted with nursing her father, had temporarily sunk under the grief for his loss, and who had become much attached to Irene Morton, acquiesced in the arrangement, though very reluctant to be separated from her brother. She felt a superstitious yet perhaps natural fear that they should not meet again if she parted from him now; but his arguments for her remaining, the uncertainty of his finding

a home still existing to receive her, and the hindrance which her presence in England might prove to his intention of going out to the Continent to collect some debts due to his father, at last prevailed with her.

Resolved to make his task as easy as possible, she controlled her own grief and bade him good-bye as calmly as she could force herself to do. Charles was unwilling to part from his sister so soon, but he knew he ought to be in England, and he was now anxious to leave Mr. Morton's house. He felt the attractions of Miss Morton growing upon him day by day, and he knew himself to be no fitting match now for the young heiress of Elmhill; and Mr. Morton, who though Charles had never recognised it, had done all in his power to encourage the young Englishman's admiration for his daughter, now felt naturally desirous to see him gone from her society. He begged, however, that he would be slow to send for Constance from their house, for he saw that Irene clung to her as a sister.

"You will not be afraid of leaving her with us," he said; "we will take good and loving care of her, 'slave-owners' though we

be. I know you English have a strong prejudice against us poor Southerners. We have hot and fiery tempers, in truth, but to our friends we can —— "

"I assure you, Sir, I require no assurance of Southern kindness and hospitality. I have had indeed cause to change my views upon the South since I came here. Your kindness towards my sister and to my father will ever be, — you have been the truest and best friend we have ever had."

"Don't speak of it, don't speak of it. Farewell, and God speed you," said Mr. Morton, shaking his hand warmly. "We will take good care of your sister till you send for her."

"And, Mr. Annersly, you will not send for her for a long time, please," said Irene.

"That is right, pretty one; get him to promise that," said her father.

"Oh! Miss Morton, how shall I thank you for all your kindness to her and to me?" said Annersly, seeking to prolong for another moment his last look at her.

"Indeed, Mr. Annersly, I have done nothing but what it was quite natural I should. I love Constance almost like a

sister now, and I am too happy to think I can be of any use to her and to you," Irene answered, her bright eyes growing still brighter with gathering tears. "I hope you will not send for her soon, but come back to America yourself, as my father proposed. Pray leave Constance; now do, Mr. Annersly, I can take good care of her," she added with a playful gesture of supplication. Annersly could not prevent himself from taking both her little beautiful hands and pressing them to his lips. Irene coloured and fell back to her father's side, but when the parental arm was round her, she said,

"I take that as a promise that you will let me have her as long as I like, and that will be till you come back to fetch her, Mr. Annersly, will it not? But Constance wants to see you alone; she asked me to tell you."

Charles went to his sister, for he and she had much to say to each other which would admit of no stranger's presence, not even that of the sympathising Irene, about their own future prospects. Charles did not expect to find anything left of their pro-

perty; he hoped, however, to find some situation as a foreign agent in some port of the Mediterranean, for which he was well qualified; and it was agreed between them that Constance should endeavour to procure employment as a governess in some family in the United States for a few months, until they could know his destination, as both brother and sister were too high-spirited and independent to wish to trespass longer on Mr. Morton's kindness.

All these things arranged, they parted, and Charles sprang into Mr. Morton's carriage, and drove with him down to the railway.

The train was late, and the engine-driver seemed determined to make up for lost time by shortening the few minutes allowed for waiting, and Annersly was only able to jump into the car before the engine started. It moved on for a couple of hundred yards, and was then backed again, with a snorting and puffing that tried even the nerves of a quiet hack pony who stood near, and so startled Mr. Morton's high-fed and spirited horses, that they set off before the driver could seize their reins, and their

terror increasing as the engine commenced blowing off steam, they burst away, with Mr. Morton inside, and plunging and kicking, rushed away towards their own house along an unfinished road, which, forty yards further on, became a hopeless barricade of mounds and cart-ruts. Towards this dangerous place, where the carriage must inevitably overset, the bystanders, unable to afford any assistance, now saw the unfortunate gentleman hurried, and stood still in motionless horror, expecting every moment to see him thrown from his seat, or overturned with the carriage; but, happily for Mr. Morton, a stranger, who was walking slowly down the rough path, saw the disaster a moment before the vehicle passed, and being, therefore, prepared to act, sprang forward, and at the imminent risk of his own life, seized the rein, and though he was dragged several yards by the excited horses, at last succeeded in bringing them to a halt. Mr. Morton, half jumping, half thrown out, scrambled to his feet, and, panting and breathless, grasped the hands of his unexpected preserver.

Other assistance now arrived, and the struggling terrified horses were secured.

"You are not hurt, I trust, sir," said the stranger.

"No, not in the least, though it's thanks to you that I am not," replied Mr. Morton; "but you are, I fear."

"Well, I am afraid I have got a wrench in the shoulder," said the other, and Mr. Morton saw that his coat sleeve was much torn and dirtied, and he insisted that he should return with him to his house, as he found he was proceeding to the station, where it was no use his going, as no other train would leave that evening. He little knew that he was inviting to his own house the Edward Maxwell, the abolitionist, for whose capture his friend Ellsland had so earnestly begged him to use his best endeavours. Maxwell, who had only that morning left his hiding-place, where a fresh attack of fever had detained him, and owed his second loss of the train to his having preferred to walk, weak as his foot still was, to drawing attention on himself by sending for a conveyance, was at first very unwilling to accompany Mr. Morton; but on finding

that he was the proprietor of the Hill House, he gave way, and accepted his invitation, prompted by what he felt was a weak curiosity to see once again and speak to the lovely girl who had so struck his fancy a month before. He had some misgivings about following Mr. Morton home, feeling apprehensive lest with all his care he should not by some heedless word or expression betray himself; but he ceased to regret having accepted the invitation, while listening to Irene, as she thanked him warmly and with tears for preserving her father's life. Mr. Morton, whose nerves, though he scorned to confess it, had been a good deal shaken by the occurrence, went to seek quiet in his own room, and left his daughter to entertain the visitor until dinner; but Irene slipped away to find Miss Annersly, and tell all to her.

"With your permission, dear Irene, I will stay up here. I had rather not meet a stranger at dinner."

"No, dear, I thought you would not like it. I am very sorry for your sake that he will stop, and now, unfortunately, I must go down to amuse him, and I haven't the

least idea how to do so. Can you advise me?"

"How old is he?"

"Between twenty and thirty, I suppose; but he looks really serious. Oh! I'll give him the newspaper, with the letter papa liked so much to-day;" and she went back to the drawing-room with the Charlestown paper in her hand.

"Have you seen this letter upon our relations with the North?" she asked Maxwell, who, it must be remembered, was all this time supposed to be an inoffensive Mr. Johnson, from Cincinnati. "It is extremely well written, papa thinks. It is, he believes, by Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne, the one who wrote that wonderful pamphlet, papa says, on the necessity for re-opening the slave-trade, a while since. This letter has not his name to it, but it is dated West Creek, and the style and language are unmistakable. Even papa says, and he is quite against it, that that pamphlet is wonderfully written."

"Yes; I have read the pamphlet you allude to, Miss Morton, and I could not help remembering what some poet says,

that Satan is the prince of logical reasoners, and I think that pamphlet on the slave-trade might justify his theory. I never read anything so ably written against the cause of humanity."

"Well, papa disapproves of it extremely, but he says he is, nevertheless, a writer of great genius, and one of the most remarkable men in the country. He is very young still, but he will soon be one of our leading men—a second Mr. Calhoun, papa says. All men's eyes are fixed on him. But Mr. Johnson, will you come? There is the dinner bell, and I must go."

"Well, dear Irene, and how did the dinner go off?" said Constance Annersly, dashing away some tears, and trying to put on a cheerful look as Miss Morton re-entered her room. "Do you like your guest?"

"Oh, dear! you must have wondered what kept me so long," replied Irene; "but I and Mrs. Lessing stopped on and on, in order to keep the conversation from turning on politics. Somehow, papa don't seem to like Mr. Johnson, and," said Irene, with some horror in her voice, "papa believes him to be almost an abolitionist at heart."

"And what do you think of him, dear? Is he an abolitionist?" Constance asked.

"An abolitionist! No, indeed! I should hope not. Oh, no! he is quite the gentleman."

"And are no abolitionists gentlemen, then? I thought they were sometimes men of property and education."

"Of property and education, perhaps they may be," said Irene, contemptuously, "but they are not gentlemen. If they were they would not abuse us and insult us as they do, or support newspapers to vilify and calumniate everything we say. They may be *rich*, but they are never well-born; and have no sense whatever of the courtesies and civilities of life, or of Christian charity either."

"Well, that was not my idea of them, I must say. I thought they were often bigoted and intemperate, but still that they were men who really meant well."

"Oh! they are hardly Christians. They are all sectarians and atheists. They do not scruple to invent any amount of falsehood when it serves the hatred they bear us. They steal our negroes, persuade the

poor creatures to run away, and then call us *tyrants*, if we try to bring them back home. I believe all the cruelties of which slaveowners are accused at the North exist only in the heads of these anti-slavery fanatics. I know our servants are well-treated, and most other people's are so, too; but these lying hypocrites will say anything against the South. Why, they even laugh at our saying we are more chivalrous than they are! I dare say *you* heard us all abused at the North."

"Ah! we were but little at the North; but, dear Irene, Charles and I shall know what to believe in future. We often heard Southern chivalry spoken of there and in England too, but we never could have foreseen the kindness which we have received from your father and you. I shall have faith in Southern courtesy and chivalry hereafter, whatever I hear said against it."

"You would have found the kindness that you think so much of, darling, in every Southern family. We really are a chivalrous and high-souled people," pursued Irene seriously, "let the North say

what it will; but we are shamefully calumniated, as I suppose the aristocracy of a nation always must be by the vulgar. But, hark! there is the carriage coming round, and Mr. Johnson is taking himself off, I suppose."

It was so. Maxwell, not choosing to trespass longer on the hospitality of a man to whom he was personating a false character, had declined the invitation to remain all night, and returned to Jeffersonville to be ready for the early morning train, by which he started, and soon left the Southern States, and his pursuer, George Ellsland, behind him.

CHAPTER III.

Constance Annersly was not the girl who could willingly and patiently endure dependence on any one, and although the hospitality of Mr. Morton was offered with a grace and delicacy which made its acceptance as little painful as it could be in her circumstances, she turned her thoughts earnestly towards supporting herself, and had already discussed with Irene the possibility of finding a governess's situation in some school or family for the weeks or perhaps months which might elapse before she could join her brother.

"We have no relations in England whom I care to meet except my aunt, my mother's sister, and she now must be depending on some of her friends for a home, since ours is broken up," she said to Mrs. Lessing, who was rather doubtful whether she ought not to counsel her young friend to return to her own country. "Charles advised me to

stop in America till he could fetch me, or have a settled home for me to come to, and I feel his idea is right. I would rather go to him, but he does not think it to be best. He told me to ask the advice of Mr. Morton and his sweet daughter, and be guided by them even more than by himself, because being nearer me, they can judge best for me; so pray judge now, dear Irene."

"Well, then, I judge like you, remain here," replied Miss Morton; "we will soon find you a situation near us. If you went to England, you would feel it very painful to have to meet old acquaintances, and revisit old scenes with a changed heart. I think you would be able to command very good terms, and I do not know why we should not soon meet with a nice situation, unless your being an Englishwoman stands in the way at all."

"Oh! and then you can say I have left England two years ago, and have been travelling in Italy and Germany ever since; that will mitigate the offence, and perhaps prove an attraction."

"And shall we say you are entirely free from all British prejudices? Though for

that matter you are *not*," answered Irene laughing. "Well, we will try; but remember that we have plenty of time. We need not accept the first offer, unless it is really an eligible one; for you can remain with us as long as ever you like, though never long enough to please me," she added, kissing her friend warmly.

"Oh! you are so kind, so very kind, dear Irene; but you are going to Philadelphia next week."

"And you can go too with us, and we shall have more chance of suiting you there. I wish next week were come. Now that papa is gone I long to be off. I mean to enjoy myself there; but how I wish he were coming too, and Mrs. Morton too. I want to see her so. Ought I to call her mamma, Constance? I suppose she will wish it. Oh! I wish next week were here."

"You must be very busy preparing, and I have never thought of helping you," said Constance. "Let me come and work with you and Mary. May I?"

"Oh! do if you like, dear, I hardly liked to ask you," answered Irene, involuntarily glancing at her friend's black dress; and,

indeed, Constance felt out of place in the work-room, where the bright ribbons and coloured gauzes were being prepared for Miss Morton's *début* in Philadelphia.

Dr. Mayworth, the brother of Mrs. Lessing, had provided suitable apartments for his sister and her pupil at a boarding-house near his own residence, and on their arrival he begged Irene to consider his house her own whenever she liked, and come in and out at her own pleasure as if one of his own family.

"But I do not suppose my library will have any attraction for youth and beauty, for I presume you will have no end of acquaintance."

"Oh, yes, I hope so, indeed," said Irene; but Mrs. Lessing added in a low voice to her brother —

"On the contrary, John, we shall be dependent upon your friends for all our society, for Mr. Morton has not introduced us to any of his own. I think he has acted shamefully towards her; but he says his friends are mostly unmarried, and he does not know the families of the others, so he would rather we chose her acquaintance."

"Oh! well, he is certainly right. His bachelor friends would not be very suitable; and, my dear sister, it will not do to call any man's conduct shameful, when he comes down with the cash so handsomely as Mr. Morton seems inclined to do. Well, we will do what we can for your pupil; and, by the bye, we shall have a few friends here to-night, so go home and prepare her to be seen."

Mrs. Lessing went home, much excited with the pleasure of dressing her darling for her first appearance. Her task was a satisfactory one; the eyes which were turned on Miss Morton as she entered the drawing-room, all expressed approval of the young *débutante*.

"By heaven, that's the handsomest girl I've seen this season," exclaimed one gentleman, enthusiastically. "What glorious hair!"

"It is perfect sunlight itself — threads of living gold," said a young merchant, who affected the poetical; "and what eyes! They are diamonds!"

"You depreciate them, Mr. Wyatt," said another; "to call them diamonds is an in-

sult. 'Such eyes as might have looked from heaven!'"

"You are eloquent to-night, Mr. Maxwell, and the lady seems to appreciate your distinctions," said Mr. Wyatt, as Irene, catching sight of Maxwell, and too innocent of drawing-room etiquette to hesitate a moment, came forward eagerly, and said—

"It is most unexpected pleasure, Mr. Johnson, to meet you here. I was not at all aware you were in Philadelphia."

"I am too happy to be here, since it procures me the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Morton; but I must beg the good offices of Dr. Mayworth to introduce me to you under a different name than the one I bore when I had the good fortune to meet you at Jeffersonville," replied Maxwell, who saw the general surprise excited by the lady's addressing him by this new name. "Dr. Mayworth?"

"Certainly, certainly! Ah! I understand. I see I must help this chrysalis to unfold his true colours. Miss Morton, may I present to you my friend, Mr. Edward Maxwell — of this city shall I say, Edward, or of Boston?"

"Of Boston, if you please. Do you think I will forego my birthright for Philadelphia? May I hope, Miss Morton, that you will still recognise me as an acquaintance, though circumstances, unhappily, obliged me to remain under an incognito when I was in South Carolina."

"No change of name can ever alter the obligations which I and my father must always feel for you," replied Irene, gracefully; "but may I not know the reason of your incognito?"

"Now you are in for it, Maxwell," said the Doctor, laughing. "Miss Morton, let me show you my library. I consider it a thing worth seeing. And you, Edward, come too, and make out as good a case for yourself as you can."

"What does the Doctor mean by having that crack-brained enthusiast here?" said Mr. Wyatt to his neighbour. "He ought not to be admitted into good society."

"He is crack-brained enough with regard to his own interest," replied the other, laughing; "but he is a sound man of business, nevertheless, and his sister is a confirmed invalid, so the Doctor has, without doubt, his own motives for inviting him."

The Doctor had, meantime, conducted Miss Morton and Mr. Maxwell to his library, and set them down to a large portfolio of engravings, at which they could either look or not, as might please them best.

"Now, I must confess to you, Miss Morton, that I am one of those unfortunate abolitionists against whom your father has conceived so strong an impression,—I mean who have been so misrepresented to your father."

"Impossible! no, I cannot believe it," said Irene, starting back in amazement, and with something almost of horror. "You, Mr. Johnson, an abolitionist!"

"I am one, indeed, and unfortunately, Mr. Ellsland, who is one of your father's friends, I think, was in hot pursuit of me when I was in South Carolina, and so to change my name was a sad necessity. I hope you will forgive me."

Irene was silent, and then turned to examine the pictures, and talked about them, until Dr. Mayworth re-entered with some more visitors.

"Well, do you find anything to interest

you, my dear Miss Morton?" he asked; "are the pictures worth your attention?"

"Oh! I like them very much, and I should like to come and have a long day's look at them. I think looking at engravings of these great painters must improve our sense of art and beauty."

"Do come then, and welcome. My library is open to any one who really wishes to profit by it."

"I shall be thankful to do so, Dr. Mayworth," said Mr. Wyatt. "With your kind permission I shall come also, to improve my sense of the beautiful," he added, glancing at Irene.

"And I also demand the privilege, if Mr. Wyatt has it," said Maxwell.

"And I also," said another gentleman, laughing. "We all wish to improve our minds with the study of beauty. Dr. Mayworth, pray let us know what would be the best evenings for our minds to be improved?"

"Nay, for my part, any and every evening," said the Doctor, laughing good-humouredly. "From all I can see, you younger men will no doubt know better

than I what evenings will be most suitable for your study of beauty."

Irene, though not fully comprehending all that was said, was conscious of a general flutter of admiration round her, which was far from displeasing.

"Pretty little innocent!" said the Doctor to his sister, looking at her; "what a pity that it cannot last; but she will be spoiled in a week."

"Of course she will, but it cannot be helped; and it will be all the same two years hence," replied the gratified Mrs. Lessing, philosophically. "But I must find some young lady friends for her."

"Certainly. Well, Mr. Wyatt has sisters — very nice girls too, I believe. He is immensely rich, just come into his father's property. The old man worked hard, and spent little; the son will spend well, but I think he will work hard too, so there's no harm in it. And you do not know, perhaps, that Mrs. Stuart Randolph is here with her daughter. Her cousin you know is in Congress; but she is going back to the South soon; and by the by she might help you to find a situation for your

friend Miss Annersly, for she is looking out for a governess for one of her friends. You had better go and call upon her."

Mrs. Lessing took her brother's advice, and the result of her visit was that the next day she took Constance with her to see the lady. Mrs. Stuart Randolph appeared much pleased with Miss Annersly, promised to write directly to her friend about her, and said she did not imagine her being an Englishwoman would prove any objection.

"I have little doubt of your obtaining the situation, my dear," said Mrs. Lessing, in the evening, as they discussed the morning's work; "and it is a most eligible one. I could not have wished for you better, for Colonel Burgoyne's family is one of the very best in Carolina; they are very clever, and take a high position in everything. One of the sons is the author of that pamphlet of which everybody has been talking. I think Mrs. Burgoyne will be so pleased with Mrs. Randolph's description of you, that she is sure to write to you; and besides, Mrs. Randolph's eldest daughter is just married to young Mr. Burgoyne,

and she has begged her to use all her influence to recommend you to the family."

"What! Eleanor Randolph! is it the family where she is married? Oh! she is such a sweet dear creature," exclaimed a young sister of the Doctor, who was then on a visit to them. "If you go where she is, Miss Annersly, you will be quite happy, I am sure."

"Indeed, if all you say of her, Fan, be true, I congratulate the gentleman much on his marriage," said Dr. Mayworth. "She has certainly left a most affectionate impression behind her in the hearts of all you young people, though she was here but so short a time."

"Oh! she was an angel!" said the young lady enthusiastically, "and no one knew how well she behaved about the music prize which Charlotte Wise took, though it was by all rights Eleanor's, and Charlotte behaved abominably. But Eleanor never said a word; and, after all, she gave Charlotte her vote for the general 'Amiability' prize."

"Again I congratulate Mr. Burgoyne. Is it the eldest son, do you know?"

Mrs. Lessing could not tell, but Constance had an impression that it was, and that Mrs. Randolph had spoken of her daughter as Mrs. Mavor Burgoyne.

"Oh! not Chauncey Burgoyne, then? he is the only one I have heard anything about," said Irene. "Do you know what the family consist of, Constance?"

"These two elder sons; then a daughter of fifteen, a boy of fourteen, and two little ones. So Mrs. Randolph told me; she said I should have to finish off the young lady, and the young gentleman also. This last task is beyond me, and one, I think, I ought to decline."

"Oh! if he has two elder brothers, your work will be limited to hearing him repeat his verbs. I am so glad you are to go into a Southern family."

"Perhaps Miss Annersly would prefer the North, on the contrary," said Mr. Maxwell, who at this moment joined the party.

"No; I do not think I should. I am predisposed to like a Southern family," replied Constance, looking affectionately towards Irene.

"I thought that being an Englishwoman you would find living on a plantation rather painful."

Constance coloured; and then, unwilling to displease Irene, replied, "I do not like that part, certainly, but I dare say it will not really affect me in the least. I shall hardly see anything of the negroes; and if they are a refined and educated family, they will probably be kind masters."

"That is right," said Irene, glancing indignantly at Maxwell; "don't be prejudiced against the South, Constance."

"Little danger of that, dear," replied her friend, affectionately; "and as I do not wish to talk upon the subject, I hope I shall never be called upon to give any opinion on it."

"Do not mention this gentleman's name, then, or say he is a friend of yours," said the Doctor laughing, and laying his hand on Maxwell's shoulder.

"May I quote you, Doctor?" said Constance archly.

"Oh! dear yes, certainly. I am a most unobjectionable man — strictly professional — a very safe person, though I have all

kinds of people at my house. Quote me, my dear, by all means, and whenever you like, and always with praise and affection."

"Unless Mrs. Burgoyne is an allopathist," said Irene laughing; for Dr. Mayworth was of an opposite school, and a fierce propagandist and champion of his own system.

"Don't make unpleasant allusions, Miss Morton, but give us a little singing. You have a nightingale's voice, and should not be allowed to be idle." The Doctor was right. Irene had a voice of singular power and sweetness, but which had received only an indifferent training from Mrs. Lessing, and Constance advised her to secure an Italian master for it; and as a *maestro*, a political refugee, was forthcoming at the time, the suggestion was taken, and the lessons forthwith arranged.

After some days of anxious expectation Constance heard that Mrs. Randolph had received an answer from her friend; Miss Annersly was accepted and requested to come South *immediately*. She would fain have waited a week longer to gather courage; but this was not possible, and with a

very sinking heart, she prepared to leave her friends, and go to seek her own way in the world among new faces. Her preparations were soon made, for her new stock of mourning was slender, and though she took all her books and drawings, yet most of her luggage was to be left at Philadelphia for the present. It gave her a pang even to part with these dresses, which she had brought with her to America, and which seemed to speak to her of home and happier times. She felt more and more nervous too as the day of her departure advanced, and on the evening before her journey, Irene found her alone struggling hard to repress her tears, and in sad need of sympathy.

"But I know I shall never succeed," was her final answer to all Miss Morton's cheering visions of the kindness she would meet with in her new home. "I am too inexperienced ; I know nothing of teaching."

"You will succeed, my dear," said Mrs. Lessing; "take my word for it; and I am an old governess. You have a natural aptitude for teaching ; I have seen it when

you were hearing Fanny Mayworth read German, and if Mrs. Burgoyne finds you a trustworthy lady to leave with her children, she will excuse any little shortcomings in your acquirements."

"Do you think so, dear Mrs. Lessing? Now I want to ask you for a little counsel. Do you think the position of a governess is always as bad as what we read of in so many books?"

"No, my dear, I do not; but much depends on the natural temperament of the governess herself. Many women are obliged to go out and teach who have no talent for it — who would find it difficult even to manage their own children if they had any, and of course their profession is an arduous one. And many of them, poor things! are foolish and sensitive, morbidly dwelling on their own position, on the *qui vive* to recognise ill-treatment in anything the lady, their mistress, may say, and therefore invite, if they do not create, the unpleasantness they dread. I think a governess's position is very difficult, though not necessarily a painful one, and I think that of the lady of the house is often even more

so. She has to be constantly in the company of one who is neither a guest nor a servant, whom she must treat with the courtesy due to a friend, and yet who she knows is bound to her by no ties but those of interest. A young governess should remember that her relation with her employers is merely a contract to do so much conscientious work for so much salary, and that if she would be willing to leave them directly for a hundred dollars extra per year, she has no right to expect further consideration from them than civility and good-treatment. It is my opinion that if girls, on going out to teach, looked at the matter in this light, they would find it much easier to be contented in their new life."

"I will try and think of all this," replied Constance, "and, if I can, profit by your advice."

"And now one word of advice from *me*," said Irene, "and this is more important than all the rest. Do not compromise yourself about our black servants. It will give great offence, as I have told you already; and remember, *you* may be preju-

diced, and perhaps *we* are the best people to understand and manage our own affairs."

"I will remember that also," said Miss Annersly, and the next day, after many kind leavetakings from the Doctor's family, she drove with Irene and Mrs. Lessing to the railway, and set off on her long journey.

As Mrs. Lessing and her pupil returned from the station, they were met by Mr. Maxwell, who asked anxiously whether Miss Annersly had yet accepted Mrs. Burgoyne's offer, and seemed disappointed when told that she had, and was already gone. He said he had been making inquiries among his friends in Boston, and had heard of a very eligible situation for her. Irene thanked him for his kindly interest in her friend, though she laughed at his expense when he had left them.

"He is mad about this abolition nonsense," she said to the Doctor. "His anxiety to prevent Constance going South is really ludicrous. Only think of his taking the trouble, with all his business, to send and inquire about a governess's situation."

"Perhaps it was done with the wish to please *you*, my pretty Miss Irene," said the Doctor. He is bewitched with you and your singing too."

"I do not think the singing has much to do with it," replied Irene, taking a passing glance at the glass as she spoke. Poor child! It had taken a fortnight, not a week, to spoil her, as the Doctor had prophesied; but it had been done, and she was now quite conscious of her own charms, and prepared to take full advantage of them. "It was not the singing. He does not understand music at all, I can see that."

"Does he not? I thought he did. He always goes to those long, classical concerts, and that ought to prove him an amateur," said Fanny Mayworth.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "but he goes to escort his sister, for whom he will do anything. Indeed I do not imagine that, if he did care for music, he would choose to spend so much on himself, for he never affords himself any luxury but that of doing good."

"Why not? He can well afford it; he has a good business, Mr. Wyatt says," said

Fanny. "I do not like people to be so very close and saving when there is no need."

"I wish he would save more," replied the Doctor. "He spends enough, though not on himself. He has nearly fifty dependents, mostly poor, wretched coloured folks, to provide for or keep more or less; and then with helping fugitive negroes, and paying fines for so doing, and paying other people's fines, he keeps himself as short of cash as a man with a good business can conveniently be, and never spends anything on himself. I know he can't."

"Well, he's wrong there," said Miss Mayworth. "Those abolitionists do more harm than good; they irritate the planters, and excite general ill-will."

"That's possible; but still the individual man ——"

"Is much to be admired," said Irene warmly. "I perfectly agree with you, though I am a Southerner. The individual man is very much to be admired and pitied."

CHAPTER IV.

It was a dark rainy evening when Constance arrived at her new home, the Chestnut Brook plantation, near Madison. A thunderstorm had deluged the road, and brought down many withered leaves from the tall trees. The wheels sank deep in the heavy mud, and the great ilexes by the wayside shone out, glittering with wet, like phantoms amidst the darkness, as the carriage lamps shone on them one after another. Colonel Burgoyne had sent his carriage to meet her, and this mark of attention seemed a pleasant assurance of the kind consideration she would meet with in his family; but, nevertheless, she was very downhearted and dispirited. She was tired and worn out with travelling; and the return to South Carolina—to the same scenes, and even on the same railway where she had last travelled with her brother and father, had recalled the loss she had sustained

vividly to her, and her own forlorn condition amongst strangers formed a strange contrast to that happy, social journey. She was more and more afraid of meeting them. All that she had ever heard of the irritable tempers and fierce spirit of the Southerners came before her, and she was certain she should not be able to prevent herself from saying something very offensive about the negroes. She wished from the bottom of her heart that she had declined the offer, and waited to see if any situation could be found in Philadelphia; but it was now too late for regrets, and she tried to brace herself up to meet her employers with self-possession.

"And, above all, let me remember Mrs. Lessing's last advice," she thought, as Irene's words, "Don't forget that we Southerners have quick tempers," kept ringing in her ears. "Mrs. Lessing said if I *expected* kindness and consideration I should find it, and that the surest way to get myself snubbed and slighted was to be looking out for insult and annoyance. Well, I will be courageous, and take kindness on trust till I find it in fact." And

she had just repeated this wise resolution, when the carriage drove up to a large hall door, which opened on a blaze of light and a crowd of servants.

Constance was at first dazzled and bewildered, and she felt it was a kindness to be shown at once by the housekeeper to her own room. It was at the end of a long corridor, but it looked very comfortable. There was a table set for her tea, and a pretty quadroon girl waiting to help her to take off her travelling things. The housekeeper told her that Mrs. Burgoyne thought she would like to have some tea before she came down, and a very substantial meal was immediately placed on the table. Constance appreciated Mrs. Burgoyne's forethought, but she was too ill at ease to have much appetite. But while she still sat playing with her tea-spoon, the door opened, and a young and elegantly-dressed lady entered. Even if the quadroon girl had not announced her as Mrs. Mavor Burgoyne, Constance would have felt sure it was the young bride, to whose interest she owed her introduction into the family; for Fanny Mayworth had excited her imagina-

tion to expect a most sweet face and smile, and both were even beyond her imaginings.

"You will, I am sure, excuse me for intruding so soon upon you, Miss Annersly, but I do so much want to hear of my mother. You saw her just before you left Philadelphia, I suppose—Mrs. Stuart Randolph; you remember."

"Oh! yes, I did, Madam; and Mrs. Randolph was very well, and told me she expected to return to the South in a fortnight at the most."

"She said so, indeed! Oh! I am very glad. You have brought me good tidings. And how was my sister? Letta, bring another cup and saucer. I will have a cup of tea with Miss Annersly;" and she sat down at the table, and Constance, in less than ten minutes, found herself becoming less nervous, and very reconciled to her new home, if such a sweet voice and smile would be near her in it.

"I dare say you are rather anxious to see Mrs. Burgoyne?" said Mrs. Mavor. Oh! she is so kind, and the children are dear affectionate things: they are most anxious to see you. Now, I will leave you,

Miss Annersly, and when you are ready to go down, I will come for you here," and she quitted the room.

Constance hastily finished her toilette, and when her new friend tapped again at the door, she was quite ready to go down to the drawing-room. But Mrs. Mavor's protection was forcibly withdrawn from her before the dreaded moment of meeting Mrs. Burgoyne, for they were met in the hall by a gentleman who was romping with a little girl. Him, the young lady introduced with joyful pride as "my husband."

"Good evening, Miss Annersly," said Mr. Mavor Burgoyne; "I fear you have had but a wretched journey to Chestnut Brook, or Chestnut Swamp, as it ought rather to be called in this weather. Let me present this young lady to you;" and lowering his voice so as only to be heard by the ladies, he added, "the youngest of your plagues, Miss Annersly. Here, Georgy dear, kiss that lady, and take her into mamma."

The little girl with charming friendliness took her hand, and Mr. Mavor, drawing

his young wife's arm within his, led her off, saying: —

"Now, they will not want us in the drawing-room, and we can have an hour or two at the piano in the library, dearest."

Constance, though left without any friend, was not, however, alarmed now. The voice and face of the eldest son of the family had produced a most pleasing impression on her.

"What a sweet smile he has! If his mother is like him, I am sure I need not be afraid," was her soliloquy, as her little pupil led her into the drawing-room, where she found herself face to face with Mrs. Burgoyne. Constance thought there was rather a haughty expression in her countenance, at the first glance, but her sweet gracious smile, and her voice, soft and musical, reassured her, and dispelled her exaggerated fear of the lady. She was hardly less pleased with Colonel Burgoyne when she saw him; he was like his son — undeniably the gentleman in manners and appearance.

When she came to know more of them she found her eldest pupil, Miss Burgoyne,

a clever though indolent girl; Eustace, the next to her, was Miss Annersly's favourite from the first day, and he seemed to appreciate her partiality. For the two other children, it was impossible to care much. Frank was only eleven, and showed no particular traits of character, except that of a provokingly firm will; and Georgina, though only three years his junior, was, being the youngest, and extremely small and delicate, treated yet as a baby and a confirmed pet, and hardly promoted to the school-room. The second son, the rising politician, Constance did not see.

"When you *have* seen Chauncey, you will be able to say whether he or Mavor is most like me. I mean to copy him in everything," said Eustace, confidentially, "only I haven't got an uncle to leave an estate to me—wish I had. Uncle Herbert, that is, Mr. Herbert Chauncey, mamma's brother, made a great pet of Chauncey, and left him the West Creek plantation when he died, as Chauncey had managed it for him a couple of years. You see he was with my uncle at his place at the North for several years, so uncle grew fonder of

him than all the rest. He wanted to make him a preacher, but papa wouldn't hear of it, and so Chauncey came back to be a senator some day; he studied law, too, for that reason."

"Then Mr. Chauncey lives alone on his plantation?"

"Yes; it's very hard, that he has his own place and his own niggers, while Mavor, the eldest, only helps papa, and buys a few when he can afford it; but of course it was all right that Chauncey should have West Creek, because he was named after uncle, you see. Stoughton Harwich, that's my cousin (papa's sister, Mrs. Harwich, is my aunt Mary), Stoughton says he guesses Mavor hates Chauncey like anything for having got a plantation while he hasn't, but I told him just to hold his tongue if he didn't want to have to give me satisfaction."

"Satisfaction! what? with fists,—you would hardly know how to use a pistol," said Miss Annersly, laughing.

"Don't I, though? I am a very good shot already, and I am learning the rifle too; Chauncey began teaching me. He has

given me six lessons since he came back from Europe, that is four months ago; and he says I make first-rate progress."

The following letter was written by Miss Annersly to her brother, a fortnight after her arrival at Chestnut Brook: —

"Chestnut Brook, October 1857.

"Dear Brother,—I am settled at last, and arrived here a fortnight ago in my new home, which promises to be a comfortable one. You see I am again in South Carolina; I was rather unwilling to go so far, but Miss Morton decided for me, as the offer was the most advantageous of all she could hear of. Besides, she says that I shall be near her when she comes home, and that I shall be more comfortable in a Southern than in a Northern family. Of course she thinks so, being a Southerner herself; but they do seem very pleasant people—all well bred and refined—voice and manners those of educated persons; and the children are most affectionate and lovable.

"I have one real friend already, I believe, in the wife of the elder son; she has been very kind to me from the first moment.

She is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in America (of course I must except Miss Morton), and one of the most amiable I hear from those who have known her in Philadelphia. It is through her I have been recommended here, so I hope she will be interested in me and take my part.

"I can hardly tell you, but you will feel for me how painful it was to go over the same ground again which we came with our dear father: it seemed like living through all those sad weeks again; and yet I feel a strange comfort in knowing I am only a comparatively short distance from the place where he is buried. Irene has promised that when she returns to Charleston, or to Elmhill, where Mr. Morton now lives, if Mrs. Burgoyne can ever spare me a week, she will go down with me to Jeffersonville and visit his grave. I look forward to that so much, though I know I shall dread it at the time. Irene was so kind, oh! so exceedingly kind, I never can be grateful enough. You said my last letter contained nothing about myself. I hope this is egotistical enough; I have not

even left myself time to ask what you are doing.

"God bless you, dearest brother. Your ever loving "CONSTANCE."

Constance did not see everything in her new home quite so *couleur de rose* as she made it appear in her letter. She found that she had undertaken no easy task in the education of Mrs. Burgoyne's children. Clever, but indolent; warm-hearted and passionate; accustomed to run wild and tyrannise among a crowd of negro children, unused to any regular hours and rules, and strictly exempted from any punishment more severe than a few hours' seclusion from the others, they were as unpromising a group of pupils as any governess was ever offered. She soon saw that no ordinary system of management would do for them, and that they must be controlled by alternately appealing to their good feelings or their reason, as occasion offered; so she applied herself chiefly to winning their affections, and as she really possessed considerable tact in the art of instruction, as Mrs. Lessing had already noticed, she

found matters go on much smoother than she at first expected. She was often very tired and very heartsick; but she rallied her courage, thought of her brother's trials and difficulties in England, and resolved to be worthy of him in her own troubles.

She was kindly invited to dine with the elders if she liked, but as she was also to superintend the schoolroom dinner at an earlier hour, she generally preferred joining her pupils there, as by that means she secured a quiet evening for herself after their tea. With the exception of Sunday, when all the meals were taken in the dining-room, and the whole family drove together to church, at the town of Madison, twelve miles distant, she saw little of either Colonel Burgoyne or his son, but what little she saw she liked much. Mrs. Burgoyne and she were now good friends, and though the former was not quite satisfied with the theological state of her governess's mind, which did not accord with her own strict Calvinistic tenets, yet as they agreed well on other subjects she overlooked this, and indeed Constance was very careful not to awaken any discussion on the point.

As to negro slavery, the rock on which Edward Maxwell had prophesied she would split, she remembered Irene's warnings, and escaped it. Mrs. Burgoyne saw her look of horror when she heard her one day order a slave to receive a slight punishment, and kindly forbore afterwards to give any such command in her presence. Constance was at first distressed at the imperious and sometimes unkind behaviour of her pupils to their negro playfellows, and their mother admitted that they had been much injured by the bad example of their cousins, with whom they had been staying a few weeks, but the servants were all very fond of them; a fact which the nurse with many expressions of warm affection confirmed. Mrs. Burgoyne took Constance to walk round the plantation and see the slaves at their work, and Miss Annersly saw one of their negro cabins. It belonged to a woman who had been Colonel Burgoyne's nurse, and had a boarded floor and a glazed window. She found it less uncomfortable than some wretched cottages she had once seen in England, and was satisfied to find that the slaves were well

cared for, and she soon felt no more anxiety on the point. It must be remembered that she was on a very well-managed plantation. Mrs. Burgoyne confessed that some cruel things did occasionally happen among their neighbours, and the rough brutal fellows who occasionally succeeded in buying a few negroes, but she seemed so unwilling to talk of this that Constance, from a natural dislike of giving pain, let the subject drop.

But, in fact, she had very little opportunity for either observing the negroes, or asking questions about them, for only three weeks after her arrival the two youngest children fell seriously ill, and she had to assist their mother in the painful task of nursing them. At last she took entire charge of little Georgina, for Mrs. Burgoyne was occupied with her house as well as the sick room, and would place no confidence in the mulatto nurse, though she allowed she was a most affectionate creature, but quite unfit to be trusted with medicine. Nor had she power to administer it, as Constance soon found; and when poor Miss Georgy with blows and kicks had successfully resisted all her

nurse's attempts to medicine her, the governess was surprised and flattered to find that her arguments and persuasions could prevail, and the unpleasant dose was swallowed. Georgy, however, did not mend, though Frank slowly recovered, and Mrs. Burgoyne began to feel exceedingly anxious about the little girl; for while her brother grew strong and lively again, she continued pale and languid, indifferent to her toys, and too spiritless to seek amusement with him. Mrs. Mavor Burgoyne, who with her mother, Mrs. Randolph, had been a devoted admirer of Dr. Mayworth, spared no pains to induce Mrs. Burgoyne to consult him, even by letter; and she was seconded by her husband, who being utterly ignorant of, and sceptical too, of any system of physic, of course adopted her opinions, as in duty bound.

"In fact, mamma, I believe Eleanor is right (when was she anything else in his eyes? his mother mentally remarked), and I am of the same opinion myself," continued Mr. Mavor, taking his seat on the floor by his young wife's footstool, so that while talking he could have an excuse

for looking up into her face all the time. "Georgy really is ill, and she ought to have better advice than this old humbugging Jeffries can give us; and I should say, send her to Philadelphia to see this Dr. Mayworth."

"What! a journey of that length while she is so weak," said his mother, indignantly.

"It's better than letting the child get worse and worse for want of proper advice, mamma, in time; and I am sure we could find some family going to Philadelphia who would escort her; and, Eleanor, I think your mother would receive her in her house for my unworthy sake—would not she?"

"Of course she would; but you know, or ought to know, that she has left Philadelphia six weeks ago, Mavor. I told you that."

"No, you did not. I beg pardon, I meant to say I don't remember it. I was thinking of you, and not of your words."

"And you expect me to forgive you for the sake of that compliment, eh?" said his wife, tapping his cheek gently, and colouring and smiling as he caught and kissed her fingers. "But now to business. Do

you think, dear Madam, she could possibly bear the journey? She could be received as a boarder at Dr. Mayworth's, I am sure; for he has done that before, as a special favour."

"I wonder what Chauncey would think of it?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, who generally paid her absent son the compliment of desiring his opinion on any important subject; and Mavor now observed, with a laugh—

"We had better then withhold our opinions until we know which way the oracle has declared himself. Write to Chauncey, mamma, and get him over here. He will come immediately."

"I wish he would come without being sent for," said Mrs. Burgoyne, as she took her pen at the table where Constance had arranged her writing materials. "He studies too much, I fear. I thought him looking very pale and spiritless when I saw him at Madison the other day."

"You must forgive a rising politician if he is somewhat unsocial, mamma," said Mavor; "when everybody is coming to compliment you on such a son—the sa-

viour of his country—the second Calhoun —you will no longer regret his hermit-like seclusion at West Creek. It is a fine thing to be a statesman in prospective."

"Why are not you a politician, then?" said Eleanor, softly.

"Who—I? Why, my love, because two, that is papa and Chauncey, are enough in one house. Besides, I should not shine beside him, and it is disagreeable to be voted a mere copyist of your younger brother. However, I think I must make a name and individuality for myself too; for as it is at present, I am continually supposed to be Chauncey, and people come to congratulate me on my last speech, or blame my plans for reducing the coloured folks to order, and then I have to explain that those extreme opinions are not mine at all, and so forth. But do you wish me to be a politician, my own Eleanor? If you like it, I will."

Another kiss of her hand, and the young couple moved away to discuss their affairs in a more private conversation.

"I have an idea how to manage, if we can hear of any one going to Philadelphia,"

said Mrs. Burgoyne. "I shall ask Chauncey to send me old Sarah; he can do without a housekeeper for a little while, and I have real confidence in her carefulness. Well, now I have written, and I shall be glad to know what he thinks best."

Constance had been exceedingly desirous to see Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne, the daring pamphleteer, whose genius even Mr. Morton had acknowledged, while he so condemned his ultra views. She met the future senator, therefore, with highly raised expectations, and was rather disappointed; he was very like his brother Mavor, but extremely quiet. She had hoped to hear some flight of eloquence from him during his visit, but his conversation, though he seemed well read enough, had no sign of the orator or the successful writer in it. He advanced no political theories; for at the first attempt Mavor made to bring up the subject, his father interrupted him with the request that no treason against the Union should be talked of before him, and Mr. Chauncey seemed utterly indifferent whether he talked or not. He entered into his mother's anxiety

for his little sister, and supported Eleanor's opinion that she should be sent to Dr. Mayworth, adding that his housekeeper was entirely at Mrs. Burgoyne's service; and that probably Miss Annersly would feel competent to take charge of the child to Philadelphia.

Constance felt her heart beat fast at the prospect of paying a visit to Irene. She waited in suspense to hear if Mrs. Burgoyne would approve of her son's advice. To her great joy she did so, and asked her if she thought herself able to take care of the little one to Philadelphia, which Constance unhesitatingly declared herself competent to do. Mrs. Burgoyne gave her the choice between taking the child's present nurse, or the old woman in whom she placed such confidence—she having been in the nursery when Mr. Mavor was a child. Constance, however, preferred taking the girl she was used to; and in high spirits went to write to Irene and announce her coming to her.

Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne stayed at his father's house that night, but returned to his own plantation the next morning.

"You must be very busy at home, for you quite shun us, Chauncey," said his mother, a little reproachfully. "I dare say you have a particular engagement this time; but you might ride over a little oftener to see us."

"I will come, and gladly, mother," he replied, "if I only knew when I should find you all alone; but the last three times I have been here, you have invited people to meet me, and I do not want to see anybody but yourselves."

"I invited them because I thought they would amuse you, Chauncey," said Mrs. Burgoyne. "I do not like your being there at the Creek amongst all those books, with no friends but Jackson and his brother. They are not fit for you."

"I never see them, mother, not unless they come upon business — wretched, dissipated fellows, both of them" — but he was interrupted by Lucy, who, in a tone of extreme distress, exclaimed,—

"Oh! mamma! that wretched Laviny! she has ironed my muslin dress with a dirty iron, and the flounces are all utterly spoiled. The tiresome thing! I will have

her whipped, for it's the second time she has done it."

"Tiresome, indeed; but can't you let her off this once?" said Chauncey. "Can't she iron the dress for you again? Make her sit up all night to do it."

"You don't know anything about it, Chauncey!" said his sister impatiently. "The dress is perfectly spoiled, but that is just like you and Mavor—you always beg the girls off."

"Well, I do think she does deserve a whipping," said Mrs. Burgoyne, who sympathised with her daughter's distress. "It's always so with those pretty but tiresome girls; nothing will manage them. I wonder how you can manage to keep order at West Creek, Chauncey."

"For the simple reason, I suppose, because there isn't a single pretty girl on the plantation. Elizabeth is as ugly as sin, and all the others are old and steady-going as grave-diggers. Oh, yes! now I bethink me, there are two good-looking women in the field, but they have each got a husband to keep them in order. One of them is really pretty, though she is quite a dark

mulatto. I met her the other day in the field with a little brown—no, it was almost black, papoose, and she came to ask me—listen Lucy—if she might have the honour of naming it after Miss Burgoyne;—that means, if she does, will you send it a present? I granted the honour in your name,—was I right?"

"Oh! quite right; and I'll send her a handkerchief for the baby," replied his sister; "I'll get it at once if you are going off now. Chauncey, if you're generous, some day you'll give me that baby, now?"

"Perhaps I will, if you'll promise not to whip her when she rumples your flounces," he answered, laughing as he kissed her, and they followed him to the door to see him mount.

"Mavor," said Colonel Burgoyne to his son, as the others went out, "is Chauncey really engaged in a political work, or is he still fretting and making a fool of himself about that girl?"

"Both, sir; he really is writing, but he mopes too, and I wish I could get him here to divert his thoughts. I have done all I

could to set him right. I offered to find him another quite as pretty, but he wouldn't hear of it. However, it can't last much longer."

"I hope not," said his father, "for really Chauncey has been quite melancholy ever since. He looks quite moped."

"What, Chauncey, is it? Yes; does he not look pale and sad?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, as she returned from seeing her son ride off. He is not like himself, he wants amusement I am sure; he does not look nearly as well as he did before he went to Europe."

"I think he finds West Creek rather dull," said Colonel Burgoyne, lighting his cigar while Mavor left the room. "His next neighbours, Jackson and Grant, can hardly be much to his taste."

"Oh! I wish he would marry," exclaimed Mrs. Burgoyne earnestly."

"Oh, Lucilla! nonsense! Marry at his age! only twenty-four. No; he had better wait till he gets a position to command what alliance he likes."

"Well, I hope he will give his mind to politics entirely then, and not waste his

time at West Creek by himself, or with such fellows as Jackson."

"I do not care for hurrying him on; he has ambition enough; and he is young, and some of his crotchets are ridiculous. I dare say one reason why he keeps away from here is that I have offended him and his friend Ellsland by forbidding that nonsensical theory of secession to be discussed in my presence. They both have a hobby of being consistent and thorough-going, and I believe they would ask the man in the moon to draw up their state constitution, if anybody would only persuade them such a request was consistent with their former statements. Now, Lucilla," he continued, laughing, "don't look aggrieved, though I know you are, if I breathe a word against your darling. Ah! people may talk of the equality of mother's love and all that, but there is a deal of favouritism in it at times. Chauncey has given us more anxiety than all the others, and yet I am sure you love him the most. You are fond enough of Eleanor, but if Chauncey brought home a wife, you would love her better than our own girls, unless, indeed, you grew jealous of her."

"That I am sure I should do," said his wife smiling. "Come into the verandah with me, Francis; I have something to tell you about Mavor and Eleanor — the dear silly things."

Mrs. Burgoyne opened the window and went out. The Colonel, however, stopped as a young quadroon woman entered the room, and chucking her under the chin in a decidedly affectionate and fondling manner, said,—

"What's the matter, Hester? You don't look bright, girl."

"Oh! mas'r, I 'spects I'se too much work," said the saucy slave girl, as she began lazily flirting the dust off the tables with the corner of her apron.

"Well, take care of yourself, and don't work too hard," said her master, giving her a small piece of silver, and, with another caress, he left her and went to join his wife, who from the verandah had witnessed the colloquy. The smile had left her face, and she walked on in silence, irritated with natural jealousy, and she said nothing until Colonel Burgoyne asked, in his usually suave and cordial voice,—

"Well, what were you going to tell me about Mavor and Eleanor?"

"Nothing; at least nothing that I remember," replied Mrs. Burgoyne, feeling no longer any wish to relate and laugh at the little proofs of lover-like egotism which had amused her in Mavor and his wife that morning. The Colonel saw his lady was vexed, but said nothing, and walked away. If Mrs. Burgoyne rapped Hester's knuckles sharply that evening, when reprimanding her for work left undone, it could hardly be wondered at.

CHAPTER V.

Constance and her little pupil reached Philadelphia in safety, and found Dr. Mayworth expecting them, as previously arranged, and very comfortable quarters prepared for them in his own house. Of course he expressed his opinion that the child had been very unscientifically treated, and prophesied that she would get well and flourishing in a fortnight under a rational system of medicine. Constance felt relieved of much anxiety on hearing this, and as soon as she could leave her little charge, happily preparing for sleep, with the careful nurse who had accompanied her, she went down to the drawing-room, where Miss Morton and Mrs. Lessing, who had been warned of her arrival, were waiting. Irene received her with a perfect ecstasy of delight, seeming almost unable to leave off kissing her, and asked question after question as fast as they could be answered. It was only when

she had fairly tired herself out, and could do nothing but sit holding her friend's hand in hers, repeating from time to time, "Oh, I am so glad to see you," that Constance was able to ask for information respecting herself and her life in Philadelphia during the past two months.

"Oh! I have enjoyed the time very much. We go out quite often. We begin to know a great many people, and I hear," added Irene, dropping her voice, and looking round to see that Mrs. Lessing had left them,—"I hear that I am immensely admired everywhere. And, dear Constance, I am not idle or dissipated at all, as you feared I would be. I read quite steadily every day, and practise the piano two hours. I like Signor Bianchi extremely. My voice is really improved under him, and now he reads Italian with me also."

"Do let me hear you sing then, dear Irene," said Constance, and Miss Morton very willingly sat down to the piano, and began a little Italian air.

"Yes, your voice is much improved, but you smile too much, and——"

"And am abominably affected; you may

as well say it out, Constance, I see it is in your face. I know I am, but it is one of my company songs, and I cannot help it; but I will sing you the piece I am practising for Signor Bianchi, and you will like me better in that. He allows no smiles nor graces whatever."

"And he is quite right then," answered her friend. "Yes, you sing that beautifully, dear Irene. I always thought your voice was a good one, but the improvement is far beyond what I expected."

"Ah! I have come on in another accomplishment also, which you would never expect, and that is plain needlework. Think of it! but I was forced into the measure. Miss Maxwell (you remember her brother), and you know she is a boarder with Dr. Mayworth — well, she is a regular New England needlewoman, and she is fond of *me*, alas! and has undertaken my education in that department, so I am obliged to learn in spite of myself. She sets me down to stitch in the evening, when her brother comes to see her and the Doctor, and so there is no escape for me until they send me to the piano to sing for them."

"Then you see a great deal of Mr. Maxwell?"

"Oh, yes! he comes very often; he is a most affectionate brother. It is a pity he cannot have his sister with him, but he lives near to his place of business, and she wants to be close to Dr. Mayworth. Besides, I fancy they see as much of each other as they wish to."

"Why so? I thought he was so particularly amiable and affectionate."

"Yes, *he* is; but she is utterly scandalised, like everybody else, at this anti-slavery nonsense. She cannot bear it, and she wants him to give it up. It is ruining his prospects, and all his family are very vexed about it. His father is thoroughly disgusted with him, and so am I, in fact."

"Of course, it is natural that you, a Southerner, should be so," said Constance, laughing; "but why should they, being New Englanders, feel so strongly about it? Have you been converting Miss Maxwell to your opinions?"

"Oh, dear no! She is furiously opposed to us, as all the Northerners are before they really know us; but she is a sensible wo-

man and does not admire the extravagant theories of her brother. Only think, he actually tried to persuade me!—me!—a Southerner! that it was wrong—positively wicked—to have negroes for servants; and he talks so earnestly and so beautifully about humanity and justice, that he almost carries me away with him while he is speaking; so now I have forbidden him to say another word on the subject."

"I almost wonder that you allowed him to talk of it to you at all. Do you like him personally?"

"Oh! very much, and so does Dr. Mayworth. He will call him his friend, and have him here, though everybody says he is wrong to encourage him in his folly. But, you know, I must like him, whatever he is, since he really saved papa's life."

"How is your father? and how is Mrs. Morton? Have you heard from her yet?" said Constance, turning to a subject more interesting to her than Edward Maxwell was.

"No, not yet. I think it is rather strange and rude of her, and I do so want to see papa. I wish he would come here.

You know, though I often did not see him for many weeks, it was very different to know that he was only at Elmhill or at Charleston, instead of there being so many hundred miles between us. However, it can't be helped, so I shall enjoy myself here as much as I can, though I am not going to be married to please good Mrs. Lessing."

"You do not mean to say that she wants you to be married yet?"

"Well, perhaps not immediately, but she looks forward to it as the *summum bonum* of my existence. You see, now that papa is married, I am no longer the heiress I once was, and Mrs. Lessing wants a rich husband for me; and I think I know whom she wants, but I won't have him," said Irene, dancing round the room, and throwing up her handkerchief for a ball.

"Who is it? Mr. Maxwell?" said Constance, who was sitting soberly by the fire, while Irene danced to and fro.

"Mr. Maxwell! no, indeed. He is not rich; he is always losing his money over his runaway niggers and poor coloured people, whom, having decoyed from their

masters and homes, he feels in honour bound to support now. Besides, my dear, what do you think papa would say to him? It is not only his theory that is dangerous, my dear—he is a regular abolitionist agitator — writes articles, incendiary articles, against the South — helps off runaway niggers, I told you, and makes inflammatory speeches at the abolition meetings. He is fairly execrated by the South, and with reason, too. No; it's not him, but a Mr. Wyatt, whom Mrs. Lessing likes."

"And whom you do not like, I infer?"

"No, indeed, I do not. I like no one, unless — well, to confess the truth, Constance," said Irene, kneeling down by her friend's side, and playfully resting her head on her knee, "I did like Signor Bianchi very much. I think I was very near falling in love with him; but one day, when we were talking, he told me he expected to return to Europe again as soon as he heard there was any fighting in Italy, for he had vowed to devote his life to the cause of his country, so I found it was time to forget all that I had been thinking of; and so no more of him — eh! don't you agree?"

She shook back her bright curls, and looked up mischievously in Miss Annersly's face, and then springing up, ran back to the piano, played a quick galop, and then began again.

"Oh! I *do* like dancing, and I am never tired any evening. I want to see your little pupil very much. I shall come in here to-morrow directly after breakfast for half an hour, before my singing lesson, and see the little pet. Constance, they really are very kind, are they not, and treat you properly?"

"Yes, very kind. What do you call properly?" asked Constance, putting her arm round Irene's little waist and drawing her nearer to her.

"Well, are you allowed some time to yourself? Do you see their visitors? Have you a maid? In short, are you treated as you ought to be?"

"I am very comfortable there, indeed. I have not seen many visitors, for I have been upstairs with Georgy most of the time. I do not want any maid, but Mrs. Burgoyne told me I could have hers when I liked, if she did not want her."

"What, her own maid? That is good of her. Is it Letta, the one of whom you wrote? Is it her own particular maid?"

"Not exactly her particular maid. I believe Letta is really an upper housemaid, but she sometimes waits on Mrs. Mavor, and sometimes on her mistress. There is another girl, Hester, who was Mrs. Burgoyne's maid, but she does not like her, and often takes Letta, so I really never see a chance of finding her not wanted, and do without help very well. By the bye, how is your Mary? I suppose she likes being in a free state?"

"Oh! not at all; she is miserable; but, hush! here is Mr. Maxwell. I am so glad, and Mr. Wyatt also. They are my visitors, I suppose, for Dr. Mayworth is not at home, and they have not come to see Fanny or Mrs. M. I know."

"You sweet child; but you are half spoiled by flattery," thought Constance, as she saw Irene's greeting of the two gentlemen, and the pretty little affectations and coquetries which she displayed at every moment, until something Mr. Maxwell said appeared to interest her, and she forgot her

graces in very earnest attention. Mrs. Lessing endeavoured to console Mr. Wyatt for Irene's capricious neglect of him, and tried to make him and Miss Annersly interested in each other, while she talked to Mrs. Mayworth; but the merchant's conversation failed to interest Constance or to rivet her attention. She preferred to listen to the gentler and more earnest voice of Edward Maxwell, but she could not see much of him; for, though he came up and spoke to her for a few moments, he had evidently no thoughts but for Irene, by whose chair he remained all the rest of the evening.

The next day Miss Morton appeared at an early hour at the Doctor's house to make friends with Georgy and chat with Constance.

"You have not told me anything about your brother," she said, after she had made Georgy happy with her watch-chain and bunch of tiny trinkets thereto appended. "I have forwarded a letter to you from him."

"He need not trouble you now to forward letters," said Constance, "for he

knows my address, and I dare say he will not send them to you any more."

"Oh! yes, I think he will, for he begged permission to do so, in a little note he enclosed in the envelope," said Irene, looking down upon Georgy's curls. "He has sent a few lines to Mrs. Lessing and me each time; he said I should always know your address, and therefore it was better to send them here."

"Oh! very well," replied Miss Annersly, but seeing her friend's colour rising, she changed the conversation.

In the evening Constance paid Miss Morton a visit, and found her very elegantly dressed, sitting reading with Mrs. Lessing. She was evidently dressed for visitors, and Mrs. Lessing looked rather annoyed and vexed, which Constance understood when Irene whispered,—

"Mr. Maxwell and his sister will be here to-night; we shall have a really nice chat, which we could not have yesterday."

"Yesterday? Why, he talked to you the whole time. What would you have?" said Constance smiling. "Do you hope he is going to be converted into a Southerner?"

"No; I don't indeed. Ah! you do not know him, or you would not indulge so sweet a hope; but I shall like you to see him just as he is."

"Now, my dear Miss Annersly, I want to hear a little about your new home. I have not been able to ask you any questions yet," began Mrs. Lessing mildly, but she was interrupted by Irene.

"Have you seen the *rara avis*, the Phœnix, Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne, yet, Constance?"

"Oh! yes; I have had that happiness once. He has only come once to the house while I have been there. He lives at his own plantation, some fifteen miles away; it was left him by his uncle, Mr. Herbert Chauncey, of West Creek."

"Chauncey is a Northern name," said Mrs. Lessing.

"Yes; Mr. Herbert Chauncey, from whom he inherits, was from New England, and he himself lived some years in the North with that uncle. He has lately returned from a journey to Europe. He is a scholar, I believe; at least they are very proud of him, and expect him to support

the family honour in the legislature, if not in Congress."

"Do they speak of him with much affection?" asked Irene.

"With more pride, perhaps; and yet I don't know; the children are constantly talking of brother Chauncey, and seem anxious to win his good opinion. His mother often wishes that he would not devote so much time to his books at the Creek, but ride over occasionally to them, and I think he might do so; he seems too much absorbed in his own plantation and affairs."

"Perhaps he has something which keeps him there," observed Irene, exchanging a glance of significance with her governess.

"I do not know," replied Constance; "but why are you so curious about him?"

"Oh! nothing at all," said Mrs. Lessing quickly, but Irene answered,—

"Why, we heard a story about him the other day, which Mrs. Mayworth is much shocked at; but I don't think it worse than many other people whom she sees no harm in."

Mrs. Lessing looked distressed at this speech, but Irene went on. "But he has been in love with some quadroon girl there at his plantation a very long time; long before he went to Europe; and of course it's very wrong; but Mrs. Mayworth irritated me by being so extremely angry with him, while I know she can pardon such things in others; and I believe it's only because she hates Southern people."

"Well," said Constance, "I should hardly have thought Mrs. Mayworth would have overlooked such a thing in any one. She professes to think much of moral principle."

"There is some one on the stairs," said Mrs. Lessing, looking much relieved at the interruption, even though it was Edward Maxwell who entered.

"Is not Anne with you?" said Irene, as she saw he came without his sister.

"No; she has not been to me. I thought she would have come with Miss Annersly. She prefers staying with Mrs. Mayworth apparently," replied Maxwell lightly; but Constance thought there was a little shade of annoyance in his manner, and she remembered that Miss Maxwell had stayed

at home, in spite even of the doctor's pressing her to tempt the night-air for once, and go to meet her brother at Miss Morton's. There was evidently some misunderstanding between the relatives, and she saw Irene was hastily trying to find another subject of conversation. Mrs. Lessing supplied it, saying,—

"Well, my dear Miss Annersly, you have not told us of the ladies of Chestnut Brook yet. You like young Mrs. Burgoyne extremely, do you not?"

"Is young Mr. Burgoyne married?" asked Edward. "I had not the least idea of it."

"It is Mr. Mavor Burgoyne, not Chauncey — not your friend," said Irene laughing.

"Why do you say my friend?" said Maxwell, with a little start.

"Because I know you hate him so much. He is the politician."

"I do not hate him — on the contrary, I have personally a great regard for him," said Maxwell, and then he stopped suddenly.

"You know him, then? Is it possible? Why, you never said a word when Mr.

Jedediah Back was talking of him. That man I mean who was so full of South Carolina news."

"And to whom you talked the whole evening," said Edward, and then added, "I said nothing, because what I have to say would not raise Mr. Burgoyne in the estimation of his countrymen generally. But I can trust your discretion."

"I hope so, indeed," replied Constance, but Irene said indignantly,—

"Not raise his credit! Remember that Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne is my countryman. Well, what has he done?"

"Do you think that it would please your countrymen to know that he protected and sheltered a hunted abolitionist three months ago?" said Maxwell smiling.

"Chauncey Burgoyne? Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Lessing, while Irene sprang up, clapping her hands in ecstasy, crying—

"Oh! I am so glad. *You* who won't believe in Southern chivalry and generosity, to owe that to him!"

"It is just what I should have expected from one of the Burgoyne family," observed Constance.

"The man who wrote those letters in the 'Courier,'" said Mrs. Lessing. "I cannot believe it."

"That is his theory, not his practice, dear Madam," answered Maxwell. "He would hang all the abolitionists on paper; but he treated me with admirable kindness while I was a necessary prisoner in his house;" and, speaking with more than his usual animation, Edward continued, "you know I had to go South on business of my own. It was nothing that would have annoyed the Southerners, but I thought it prudent to change my name. Ah! I understand those looks of reproach — but to proceed, you have seen Sarah Gold, that poor coloured woman who spoke to me the other day?"

"To whom *you* spoke you mean," said Irene. "Nobody but you would have dreamt of talking to a coloured woman in the streets of Philadelphia, as you did, and almost bowing as you left her."

"Well, never mind if I did quite. She, poor thing, before I went there, came and begged me with tears, and such prayers as no man could resist, to stop and ask at Mr.

Ellsland's plantation if her daughter Cassy were still there, and I did so. There I met Mr. Ellsland, who ordered me off the place, and when I returned to my lodging I found he had been making inquiries after me, so I thought it was better to leave directly. I went with a farmer in his cart before daybreak, as far as he could go, and then walked till night. I heard from some person that Mr. Ellsland and several men were in pursuit, so I had nothing to do but to hurry on as I could, riding whenever I had a chance, and sleeping in the open air like a fugitive slave myself. But at last I could go no further, for I had hurt my ankle at the first setting out, and I could not drag on any more. I lost the train at Jeffersonville, and broke down in trying to get on that night, for I did not dare to ask for a waggon or a horse, as the people were already suspecting me. Then I fell in with Chauncey Burgoyne, and he took me to a friend's house, and treated me with such true courtesy and generosity that I shall always remember him as a real *friend*, though our opinions must ever be at variance."

"And I hope you understand that he is but a fair specimen of his countrymen and mine," said Irene proudly.

"On the contrary, Miss Morton, his mother was my countrywoman," answered Maxwell, "and I think he is a singular exception to his class in every way."

"Well, that is too bad," said Irene, throwing down her work, and running off to the piano. She did not begin to play, however, but sat watching the others, and turning over her music rather abstractedly.

"You have seen his sister, my little pupil, if you called at Dr. Mayworth's to-night," said Constance to Edward. He shook his head.

"She is a nicely-disposed child; but she has a dreadful temper," said Mrs. Lessing. "She was beating and pinching her poor nurse to-day in a most cruel manner."

"Of course. Southern children are allowed to do it."

"Now, of course you say so, Edward, and it's very wrong," said Irene, coming back and taking his hand in hers, and looking up in his face with a sweet childish frankness which made Constance and Mrs.

Lessing exchange smiles with each other. "You would fain persuade everybody that Southern children are coaxed into order by the bribe of a whip to flog a nigger with, I know; but it is a libel on us. I am sure I was never allowed to whip my nurse—no, indeed!"

"I dare say you never wished to be so cruel," said Maxwell, looking fondly at her; "but other children do, and they are indulged in it. I appeal to Miss Annersly."

"Yes; Mrs. Burgoyne admits that her children are very self-willed," said Constance; "but I must say that I find the condition of the negroes far better than I expected."

"There, Edward; and she is a witness on your own side," exclaimed Miss Morton triumphantly.

"Yes; but she is in a very amiable family, and has not had time to study the subject."

"Yes, indeed I have," said Constance; "and though I feel just as strongly against slavery, I am glad to say that I think the evil is over-rated, and that there is more good at the South than I gave them credit for."

"But are the slaves never punished at Chestnut Brook, then?" said Edward.

"Sometimes, but not very often, I believe; and I see that their well-being is thought of and cared for. I was rather surprised, at first, to see how often the house-servants slept on the floor instead of beds; but I think they have different kinds of enjoyment to ours, and do not feel the same things a hardship. They are well nursed if they are ill, and Mrs. Burgoyne tells me she has often gone herself to dress the wounds and cuts which they get in their work, and the house-servants seem very happy."

"Well, of course, it is unlikely that planters would ill-feed and overwork their slaves, for it would injure their value," said Irene, appealing, however, to Maxwell. "Their being their own property is a most effectual check against any ill-usage."

"It might be so if the slaves were passive under them, and were easily managed," replied Maxwell; "but even cattle and horses are often cruelly ill-treated by their owners when they are angry with them, or die from insufficient feeding and exposure

to the weather. That is clearly a loss to their owners, but, nevertheless, they let them die from carelessness or neglect."

"But I never hear of these terrible cases of neglect and cruelty, and I am in the midst of it," remarked Constance. "If they were so frequent as you seem to think, I should hear something of them."

"But have you been looking out for them?" replied Maxwell. "Do you not think, on the contrary, that you are rather inclined to take the planter's word for the truth in this matter?"

"No, no, Edward, that is prejudice again," interposed Miss Morton. "Keep firm, Constance, use your own eyes, and judge of us fairly and impartially."

Maxwell offered no rejoinder to Irene, and the conversation flowed into another channel.

A fortnight passed away very happily for Constance, and Georgina's health improved in a manner that gave Miss Annersly great satisfaction; but Dr. Mayworth looked more serious than at first, and said,—

"No; I certainly see the child is stronger

than when she came; but she is not going on as she should. I was too hasty in attributing all her illness to mismanagement, though there has been some of that. But I fear there is great constitutional weakness: I tell you the worst candidly, Miss Annersly, because Mrs. Burgoyne has sent to me from such a distance, and therefore you need not think I am keeping anything behind. The child will require constant watching and care, and perhaps she will grow stronger eventually, but she really has no constitution at all, as half those Southern children haven't. It is astonishing what a degenerate lot that Southern population are now. Drinking and excess in the fathers have done this work among the children, that is certain; and it is my belief that they would die out if they were not recruited with some good Northern blood from time to time. Well, I shall prescribe for your little pupil, and you must take great care of her; so you had better return to Carolina at once before the winter gets colder, and look after her health as well as possible. Don't you overwork her, Madam schoolmistress, mind

that. Perhaps I'll be coming to the South myself one day, and if Mrs. Burgoyne likes, I will call and see the little lady; I shall come very near."

"So you have your *congé*," said Irene, when Constance told her that the Doctor would not counsel any further stay in Philadelphia. "I am very sorry you should go so soon, I hoped you were settled for the winter; however, you will now be in time to save your nurse from being spoiled. She has been talking a great deal too much to a coloured woman who comes here, and I fear, if you had stayed much longer, you would have had some difficulty in finding her to take her back South."

"Oh! she is too affectionate to leave the child, I think."

"Perhaps so; but they are often very ungrateful. I dare say I shall lose Mary before I return home. They are persuaded to run off poor things, and they are so easy to entice away from their masters."

"And is that to be accounted no proof that they are unhappy as slaves, Miss Morton?" said Maxwell, who, unseen by them, had entered the room. "If they

esteem freedom such a blessing, it is a sign they are discontented with slavery."

"I never knew one of them who did desire to be free," said Irene,—"no, never!" and Constance added,—

"And I must say I was rather disappointed to find the slaves at Chestnut Brook so perfectly contented with their position. It does not speak much for their intellect; but, indeed, many of them are so brutal and stupid-looking that they can hardly have any ideas at all, poor things. I have asked three or four whether they are happy, and whether they would like to be free, and they always answer they would not, and say that they are very contented where they are."

"And you give them credit for speaking the truth to you, then?" said Edward. "How do they know that you will not betray them to their owners?—unintentionally, it may be, and so get them a flogging for having thrown discredit on the divine institution. Why, a negro never speaks the truth on that subject to a white man, unless he knows he is an abolitionist."

"They do speak it to you, then? What do they say?"

"They do not take me into their confidence until they are perfectly assured of my character," replied Edward. "I have often talked with a negro, some apparently merry, thoughtless fellow, unable to give a rational answer to any question, and chattering in a dialect that a savage might envy. I have heard him say that he did not wish to be free, and he was much better off as he was. And then by some sign I have let him know that I was his friend, and it was a marvel to see what a change came over the man, and over his language at once; so sad and thoughtful, as, with tears in his eyes, he speaks, perhaps, of his wife or children sold away from him, or placed under a master perhaps more cruel than his own, ending by saying that there is not a negro in the South but wishes he were free, and adds, 'But I never shall be free, sir, till I die!' Miss Annersly, you know there are those who having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not. If you ask questions from those wretched slaves who dare not speak but as they are bid, you must learn to distinguish between the slave's answer given in fear of the lash,

and the confession of the man himself offered to a friend. As long as they see you willing to receive their master's testimony, they will be afraid of giving their own; so you cannot hope to learn the whole truth. But do not bring their poor parrot-learned and cowardly professions of love to their tyrants as any testimony against themselves. Should we be any braver than they are to speak were the lash hanging over us?"

Maxwell spoke fast and earnestly, the colour rising to his face in his excitement; but he stopped suddenly, on hearing his sister's voice, and left the room.

"Ah! now he was getting really excited. I wish he had gone on," said Irene to Constance. "I am so glad you have heard him for even this one minute. Is not his voice eloquent, and his look? I have been trying to rouse him to speak and argue for the last week, but he is too unhappy about the last letter from his father. I hardly thought he would have answered you so now, but is it not a treat to hear and see him? I mean to go some day to one of their anti-slavery meetings, not of course to

hear their wretched trash, but just to hear him speak."

"Perhaps he will convert you, then, who knows?" said Constance, laughing, as she kissed her; and as she looked at Irene's sweet, young, and childish face, so lovely and so innocently happy in the consciousness of her own beauty, she sighed and said to herself, "It is to be hoped her father will fetch her back to her own home before mischief is done."

"Well, good-bye, dearest Irene, take care of yourself, and remember that you are the daughter of a Southern gentleman."

"Trust me, I shall never forget my birth. I am a true Carolinian," replied Irene, proudly; and then laughing merrily, as she understood her friend's glance, she added, "Oh! you need not fear, Constance, I am quite too proud, I assure you. All will be right. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW more days, and Constance reached the Chestnut Brook plantation again. She was welcomed by the children with wild demonstrations of delight, and by Mrs. Burgoyne in a very affectionate manner. The marked improvement in little Georgy's appearance was a reward to her mother for the sacrifice she had made in parting with the child, and she warmly thanked Constance for the evident care she had taken of her. Georgy kept close to her mother the whole evening; and the younger boy, Frank, would not leave his little sister for any persuasions of the others; but Eustace and Lucy attached themselves to Constance, who, after a few cordial words from Mavor, and a warm pressure of the hand from Eleanor, was obliged to give herself up entirely to her young admirers.

"Now you must come and sit here, and we will give you your tea. I am so glad

to get you back; now we shall have regular drill again," cried Eustace, as he seized her hand and threw her into an arm-chair, by which he and Lucy had placed their own.

"Why, your mamma said you were going on with your lessons all the time," said Constance, after she had disposed of about a third of the tea and cake they pressed on her, and sat enjoying their bright welcoming smiles, and listening to their joyous talk. "Did she not read with you, and hear your geography and history?"

"Oh, yes, she tried to; but she was always so interrupted, and so busy," replied Eustace; "that plan would not do at all. It was, 'Please Missis Burgoyne you are wanted,' and 'Wait till I come, my dears,' every ten minutes, so she gave it up; and then papa tried, but he was always in a hurry, and wanted to go and ride, or see somebody; he made us race helter-skelter through the lessons, asking us all the questions, and telling us the answers too, if we were in the least slow about remembering them; so mamma said we were learning nothing, and papa was dismissed."

"Gently, dear—say papa gave it up,"

interposed Constance; and Eustace, accepting the correction, continued,—

"Gave it up; so we tried Mavor. Then we did pretty well, though his lessons were very dull and steady; but, though Mavor never was angry with us, we liked Chauncey better."

"How? Has your brother Chauncey been here? When did he come?"

"Oh, soon after you went; but he rides backwards and forwards from the Creek every other day or so. We liked him to teach us; but then his blessed system was so different from Mavor's blessed system that we were a good deal troubled. For Mavor made us keep to the very words of the book, and he did not mind about our finding the places on the map, or the Latin roots in the dictionary, but heard us straight through; and Chauncey did not care whether we knew the words properly or not, if we looked for every town or country, and could go through the whole conjugations from beginning to end. He used to explain to us a great deal too, though we often could not understand him, about the things we had learned, or ought to have

learned, or might, could, or should have learned in each book."

"Our school time was very pleasant with him," interposed Lucy.

"Yes, it was; but then you see he and Mavor had different systems. So, if we had hoped Chauncey was coming, and had learnt our lessons accordingly, we were corrected every minute for putting in wrong words, and Mavor never cared a bit for all our work at the maps and dictionaries; and if we had prepared for Mavor, Chauncey was sure to come, and after making us search out every village and castle every time its name occurred in our history, and look in our dictionaries for every inflexion of nouns we knew by heart, would get up and say there was no good in teaching such stupid children, and he thought we—that is *me*—should be a disgrace to the family."

"And whose scolding did you mind the most?" said Constance, laughing in spite of her efforts to look grave at his flippancy. "Come, do let me have the pleasure of hearing your sister's voice."

"Why, Mavor said we deserved a good box on the ears," said Lucy, with her usual

little drawl; "and Chauncey said we were complete blockheads, and he thought you must be a wonderful instructress to have got so much into us as he found."

"Ah! but you see, Miss Annersly, the thing is, you teach us without any system at all, and so we get on. You neither tie us to the words, nor overwhelm us with the splitting of hairs, but you tell us what we want to know."

"Well, we will go to lessons to-morrow, and try if we can get the good opinion of both your brothers," said Constance, and they recommenced the regular studies. But, although her teaching gave her pupils such satisfaction, she often found them a severe trial; and there were times when her boasted forbearance was especially tested when she saw their cruelty and harshness towards the negro children and the house-servants, over whom they were allowed to tyrannise unchecked and unreproved. The slaves, nevertheless, all spoke affectionately of them, and of the whole family; and Constance hoped that this waywardness was but recently developed by their unhappy visit to their cousins, and might soon wear off.

She thought that she had already done them some good, and that they were less tyrannical, till one day she found Eustace, whom she had reproved for inattention at lessons, venting his ill-humour by beating the groom with his riding whip across the face, and she hastened indignantly to interfere.

"For shame, Eustace! for shame! How *can* you do it? A common overseer would not do so. What has Jonas done to merit such treatment? Leave Mr. Henning to flog him."

"Leave Jone to Henning! Why, it's no good; he never gets flogged; Henning spoils him. I'll flog him. Mavor often does; and Chauncey says he is an impertinent, saucy nigger, and he hates him. I'll get Chauncey to flog him some day. Chauncey leaves all his whipping to his driver; but I guess he would be a first-rate hand at it if he tried."

Constance, as much shocked at the boy's excuses as at his cruelty, spoke to him very seriously for some time about the brutality and unbecomingness of his conduct, and then left him to his reflections, and did not

forgive him until the evening, when his mother begged him off from her displeasure.

"But, Madam, you do not like him to beat and ill-use the servants when they have done nothing wrong."

"No, indeed, my dear Miss Annersly, I do not; but I am afraid it is not much good to interfere, for the servants are so annoying and irritating that I am not surprised if Eustace gets angry; and then he knows that when the slaves commit a fault they must be punished; and I hardly see what we can say so long as he does not lose his temper; that I dare not allow for his own sake; I have seen too much of that with my elder children."

"Do you not think, Madam, that if he could have a few companions of his own age, it would do him good?"

"Oh, no doubt it would, if I could find some nice youths of his own age, or younger; but, unfortunately, I happen to know of none. The Colonel is anxious he should be more acquainted with his cousin, Stoughton Harwich; but I do not like him at all. There is that young man, Henry Adrian, whom I would not on any account

have near Eustace. He has asked his father to invite him here, but I would not hear of it."

"It is very unfortunate that it should be so, for he needs society very much," said Miss Annersly. "His sister and he do not quite suit as companions."

"No, I wish they did more. I want you, Miss Annersly, to make her more of a child if you can. She is quite vexed at being in the schoolroom now. She thinks that she ought to be considered a young woman already."

"Why, Madam! she is only just fifteen, is she?"

"No; but she knows that many girls are married at that age, or a little older, and she wishes to be grown up too; but I have no wish to see her married so young. I try to keep such ideas out of her head. I shall keep both her and Eustace to their books; they shall stop in the schoolroom as long as I can manage. There is nothing good to be learnt from the young people they will meet here, I fear."

"But, Madam, have you not promised Eustace that he shall dine with you on

Thursday, when all these gentlemen are here?"

"Yes, and I was foolish to promise it; but he asked so much to be with Chauncey all day, that I was obliged to grant it. But, Miss Annersly, if you will join us, and keep Eustace near you, and see that he takes very little wine, I shall be extremely glad, as I should not be able to watch him sufficiently."

Constance was hard at work the next morning with Eustace, when they were interrupted by Ellie, the housekeeper, who came to announce that one of the servants had met with an accident, and had had his foot crushed by the carriage wheel.

"Oh, poor fellow!" said Mrs. Burgoyne, springing up. "I will go to him directly. Fetch the key of the medicine chest, Ellie. Who is it?"

"It's Jonas, Missis; his foot's dreadful hurt."

"Jone, yellow Jone," said Mrs. Burgoyne, her whole manner changing. "He is always getting hurt in one way or another. Constance, dear, will you go and give Ellie the lint and things. She knows very well how to bind up a wound."

"I am afraid I am too ignorant to be of much good, Madam," said Constance, hesitating. But Mrs. Burgoyne sat down again to her writing table, and replied,—

"Oh, Ellie will be able to manage it. It is nothing at all, I think. He is always an awkward fellow. If it is beyond her powers, you can call me of course; but as I am very tired, I shall be glad to be excused, if possible;" and she went on with her letters, while Constance followed the housekeeper, feeling rather nervous at the responsibility so suddenly laid upon her by Mrs. Burgoyne, who usually attended kindly to such accidents, which were very frequent, owing to the carelessness of the negroes with their tools; and Constance was surprised that she should entrust the charge of directing Ellie to her, when a valuable servant was in the case.

The wound was, however, less ghastly than she had feared, and the stoical composure with which the mulatto endured the evidently excruciating pain made the rendering him assistance less difficult than she had anticipated.

"How did it happen, Jonas?" she asked,

as she prepared a bandage, and Ellie bathed the foot. "How did it happen?"

"Mas'r Mavor was driving very fast, and the wheel went over my foot, Miss," replied Jonas, quietly. The words were almost hissed out between his set teeth.

"Went over your foot! Could you not have got out of the way? A strong active fellow like you," said Constance, approaching with the bandage; "hold it fast, Ellie."

The dressing of the wound was quickly accomplished, and Constance, pleased with her patient's self-control, praised his fortitude with a smile, as she looked at his open and intelligent countenance. His face always seemed a familiar one to her, although she had not seen him above half a dozen times; and now she asked him if he knew whether he had any relations at Jeffersonville.

Jonas did not know, and professed even to be ignorant where that town was; and Constance, after cautioning Ellie to keep him very quiet, returned to the sitting-room to find Eustace gone to see Mavor's new horse and gig.

"You found Ellie could do without me," said Mrs. Burgoyne, quietly.

"Yes, Madam, she did; but it was a serious wound," answered Constance; and after working for a few minutes in silence, she asked, "Has Jonas any relations in the place to look after him, Madam?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Burgoyne; but Georgy said:

"His mammy is in Alabama, he says, and his sister too."

"How came you to speak to him about them?" asked her mother, quickly.

"He came into old Sally's cabin one day when I was there, mamma. I went with Letta to see her baby, and Jone was talking to Letta, and I heard him say that about his mother."

"Was he brought here then from her?" asked Constance.

"No; she was sold to a very good family with her baby. We never separate the mother and infant, I told you; but Jonas was kept to be a playfellow for Mavor," answered Mrs. Burgoyne; but she looked so annoyed at the conversation that Constance was glad when Mavor's entrance changed her thoughts. He had slept the past night at his brother's house, having

ridden over to invite him to join the party that day.

"Well, Mavor, dear, and will Chauncey come?"

"Yes, mother, he will be here by one o'clock. I would not wait for him, but came off after a cup of coffee, and I am very ready for breakfast now."

"And you shall have it immediately, then," said his mother, ringing the bell. "What was Chauncey doing?"

"When I got there? Sitting in the library, with treatises on necessity and free will before him, and casting up a long column of figures, trying, I guess, to settle his accounts, and make both ends meet. I told him he never would come that if he continued to make senseless improvements on that old ruin, and let his niggers get so fat and lazy. But it was of no use talking; he would have it that his niggers, being sleek and strong, were worth more than any in the neighbourhood, which might be true, but no good to him unless he means to cash them, which he does not. So I told him, and then he began to lament that his overseer was going to leave him; whereupon I

said, 'So much the better. I will find you another, and you will have an improvement in your receipts after you have had him a year."

"And what did Chauncey say?" asked Colonel Burgoyne, who had entered soon after his son.

"Oh! the old story. Mr. Bland suited him very well; and then we went out to see the land. Certainly his niggers are a fine healthy set; but it will never pay him to underwork them as he does, or rather as Bland does, for Chauncey leaves everything to him."

"Ah! that's bad—very bad," said Colonel Burgoyne; "I must really speak to Chauncey about that man."

Constance tried hard to keep her pupils at work that morning, but without much success; for Lucy insisted on holding consultations with her maid about her dress for the evening, and Eustace would watch in the avenue for the coming of Chauncey, so that the lesson-books were still about when the guests arrived, and he darted off to the drawing-room to join them. Constance was glad when Mrs. Burgoyne called

her to come in there also, for she felt anxious to refresh her impressions of Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne, after what she had heard from Edward. She found him surrounded by a host of political gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Ellsland, who was already well known to her by reputation as a devoted admirer of Mr. Chauncey. Mr. Ellsland swore by Chauncey, but as that gentleman always did swear when he delivered his political opinions, that was not perhaps a positive proof of his admiration for his oracle.

Before dinner the conversation was all of cotton and markets, and Constance was not sufficiently *au fait* to understand it; but as they adjourned to the table the general discourse took a turn which awakened her interest, and was within her comprehension.

"Have you been lately in Charleston, Ellsland?" Mavor asked his friend.

"No, I have been vegetating at home," was the reply; "with no amusement for the last fortnight save the driving off of another cursed abolitionist who was coming among my niggers."

"Indeed! one of them down here again? I should hardly have expected it," said Colonel Burgoyne.

"You mean, sir, they ought to have been deterred by the late lesson we read them on the body of that canting methodist; but they scorn to take warning. I hunted one of the rascals for four days myself through the country, about three months since, and lost him after all when I thought I was sure of him."

Constance felt the colour rise to her cheeks as she heard this allusion to Edward's escape, and she glanced at Mr. Chauncey Burgoyne to see if he recollected his share in the transaction. There was, perhaps, a covert smile playing round the corners of his mouth, but it speedily passed, and was succeeded by a look of deep attention as he turned to Ellsland, who continued:

"Well, he got off, but this last fellow had located himself on some plausible pretext in the neighbouring town, and from thence he came talking to my hands, and inquiring if they had any grievances. I sent him out of the state with a few me-

mentos of his visit, which, I trust, will last him one while."

"You did not cowhide him?" said another of the guests, quickly.

"No, I keep the cowhide for niggers; but I did what I could. I tied him to a tree, and set my coachman to flog him with the handle of the cart-whip, till the nigger could not lift his arm for love or threats, by which time I guessed the sneaking Yankee had had enough of it, and so we untied him."

Horror-struck at this recital of brutality and outrage, Constance looked round to see what effect it had on the Burgoyne family; they were not thinking of her, and, to her surprise, seemed quite unmoved. Mr. Chauncey's eye flashed, and he frowned slightly; but when he spoke, it was not to condemn the act itself.

"The fellow deserved it, I allow; but yet I can't approve altogether of your conduct, Ellsland. I should recommend a different plan to be generally adopted."

"What would it be? We are all anxious for your opinion on another subject," said Ellsland, "but let us hear this first;" and

Constance saw that even the older men of the party turned and listened attentively to the young politician who was to be the future ornament of the Senate and the leader of South Carolina, according to the flattering predictions of his own and his father's many friends. She judged that he must possess either a great deal of natural moderation of character, or a well-balanced reliance on himself, to remain so perfectly cool and unaffected by such unequivocal marks of admiration as Ellsland and his set lavished upon him. He replied with perfect gravity, and the air of one who is accustomed to give advice, and is no wise elated by the compliment of having his opinion asked.

"I would do anything myself to stop the scenes of violence which disgrace our towns so often, and, instead of leaving the due castigation of these agitators to popular excitement or private resentment, I would let the law judge the case, and let all such disturbers of the public peace be arrested, judged, and hanged under the legal authority of the Sheriff of the county."

Chauncey ended, and Ellsland cried,

"Hear, hear!" but others shook their heads, and said the measure was too uncompromising.

"The threat would be useful, but I would not make it law, Chauncey," said Colonel Burgoyne.

"Why, you said yourself, sir, you would like to see every abolitionist at the North hanging along the highroad," said Ellsland.

"So I did, George; but I only spoke then as to what was my theory. I would not wish to take such severe measures in every case of suspected abolitionism; and I think we may safely trust the castigation of such offenders to the indignation of the people."

"But such punishment, inflicted without the sanction of law, is an outrage upon the rights of citizens," said Chauncey, in a quiet, deferential tone. But, as his father looked unsatisfied, he continued, "I do not care whether the punishment is capital or not. Make the penalty what you please, but make it *law*, and let it be rigidly enforced on any stranger who can be proved to be an abolitionist. It is the hope of escape which gives these agitators confi-

dence, and the inefficiency of the law which sanctions the lawlessness of the mob."

"There is a good deal in what you say, Mr. Chauncey, and there would be an advantage in omitting the death penalty—in that no one would be tempted to break the law and save the offender," said Mr. Selden, a benevolent-looking old man with white hair.

"Yes, sir. And if this law were fully established, it would be a great point gained," said Chauncey; "for it would remove an inconsistency in our statutes. Negro slavery is the law of our land, and any offender against it deserves punishment as a felon by the law, and the officers of the law—not by private individuals, and perhaps to escape unpunished after all, as so many do."

"But the laws do provide," said Mavor.

"Not enough," said Chauncey. "They should provide so completely that the penalty should be without question, and well known to all the North, so that they may have no excuse whatever in incurring it. But observe, what I wish to show is this: either the laws are insufficient, or

their executive authority is insufficient; for public opinion and mobocracy are made superior to the law, which is a dangerous precedent. Mr. Ellsland flogs a methodist preacher with a hundred lashes; Mr. Warren disapproves of so violent a measure. I, myself, have doubts as to whether it is as well to flog a white man; but these doubts should be settled by an appeal to a higher authority, and there should be no doubt upon it."

"Well, I prefer the voice of the people," said Mr. Warren. "It is sufficient to my mind for any emergency."

"Mob law!" replied Chauncey. "It is a disgrace to our country, and a confession of the inadequacy of our statutes."

"Oh! Burgoyne, I cannot go with you to that length," exclaimed Ellsland. "I admire consistency in all things, but not a mere attachment to technicalities and forms of law. I can never agree with you there, when I see you sacrificing everything to your passionate admiration for them."

"You agreed with my argument the other day," replied Chauncey. "When we

were urging the necessity for re-opening the African trade, you acknowledged the value of consistency in our laws and statutes."

"Yes, yes, by George! I did then, and I do still on that question; for, of course, no one can help seeing the injustice of forbidding us the foreign slave-trade when we may have an international one between the different States."

"Oh, but there is a great difference, Mr. Ellsland, allow me to say," began Colonel Burgoyne; and then, as if willing to depute the task of opposing his guest to another, he added, "Mr. Warren agrees with me, and you also, I think, Mr. Selden?"

"Indeed I do," said that gentleman. "I do not see the least reason for the revival of that trade, so long forbidden and condemned by the laws of the Union. We have quite as many negroes as we can manage now."

"Not as many as the Western States require, sir," said Mr. Ellsland, quickly. "The Seaboard States happen to have been already well supplied, but the South in

general is grievously in want of more labour to develope its resources."

"And whether South Carolina require the introduction of negroes or not, it is too great an assumption of power in the Federal Government to attempt to control our trade and commerce," said Chauncey. "But my principal motive for urging the revival of the foreign slave-trade is, that it is manifestly inconsistent with our principles to allow our ports to be shut against the importation of negroes from Africa, when, as Mr. Ellsland says, we may bring them from Virginia every day. Why should there, in justice, be any difference? It is a restriction which might have been made by a nation who believed the institution of slavery to be wrong, or at least, undesirable,—not by one that understands and feels that it is a necessary form of its own government. When you show that the slave-trade is wrong, the same reasoning might apply to slavery itself."

"Oh, no! not so by any means," said Mr. Selden.

"By heaven! but I perfectly agree with Mr. Burgoyne," said Mr. Ellsland. "We

can get first-rate niggers for fifteen dollars apiece in Africa, and are paying eight hundred and a thousand here. It's scandalous!"

"And as a political theory, all true Southerners ought to stand for the slave-trade," persisted Chauncey. "It is a proof of their perfect sincerity. It is the test of their patriotism and political consistency. Our enemies may well say, you do not believe slavery to be right, when you shrink from carrying out your principles by strengthening your resources by the slave-trade; and they are logical and consistent when they say so. We ought to revive the trade as a point of conscience—as a political pledge of our own sincerity—as a sign before the world that we know ourselves in the right."

"But Congress has made it piracy," said Mr. Selden.

"I know it has, and there is the injustice and inconsistency we complain of," said Chauncey. "In doing so, it has acted in an unconstitutional manner; it had no real power to make a trade that is necessary to us piracy; it might as well make it pi-

racy to bring negroes from Virginia here by sea. It might declare the shipment of cotton for England piracy. We have a right to believe the slave-trade as legitimate and innocent a trade as any other. By what legal quibble can the term piracy be extended so as to include a lawful traffic in articles that may be lawfully bought and sold here? However, men are beginning to see that this act of Congress, this unwarranted construction of the law, is, and ought to be, null and disregarded. I have advised, I have suggested, measures for testing the illegality of the trade and the force of public opinion, and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall see negroes landed in our own ports as freely as any other article of commerce."

"Do you refer to your suggestion of sending out for African emigrants, and bringing them in under the Passenger Law?" said Ellsland.

"Yes, I do," replied Chauncey, evidently vexed, however, at his friend's indiscretion. "They shall be landed openly under that Act, so as to test the legality of bringing them in. However, the ship has not got

her clearance yet; and it remains to be seen whether the authorities of Charleston are sufficiently enlightened to recognise the justice of her having one, or the desirability of the measure. We wait for them to give us a clearance."

"Well, for my part, I hope they will not. I do not see the need of opening the trade at all," said Mr. Selden; and an animated discussion ensued, in which the majority of the guests, and even Colonel Burgoyne himself, strenuously combated the arguments of Mr. Ellsland and Mr. Chauncey; and, either from motives of humanity or private interest, maintained the re-opening of the slave-trade equally unnecessary and undesirable.

Constance, meantime, listened to the debate in mingled astonishment and distress; and, as she heard Mr. Chauncey express his views, wondered how it could happen that Edward Maxwell could feel an interest in him, notwithstanding his services to himself.

CHAPTER VII.

The third day after Mr. Chauncey's arrival at the plantation was Sunday, and as the family were preparing for their drive to church, he volunteered to accompany them.

"Oh, do come, dear Chauncey, I shall be so glad," said his mother, with evident pleasure. "Mr. Radstock preaches to-day. I was afraid you would have wished to stop at home, for Mavor says, Chauncey, that you have undergone a great change in your convictions this last year. Is it so?"

"Well, perhaps I do not agree with Mr. Radstock as much as Mavor does," replied Chauncey, "but he is a good preacher nevertheless; and I can listen to the service as well in one church as in another. I hope I have no intolerance for any man's religion."

"I was only afraid you cared less for religion now than you once did, Chauncey."

"There is no fear of that, mother," said

Chauncey, earnestly: "whatever my views, I shall never care less for religion. That I do not agree with Dr. Radstock's theology does not make me feel less respect for the man, nor the morality he can teach."

Chauncey drove with his mother to Madison, but as they returned, after church, he took his seat in Eleanor's carriage, and as Constance and Eustace were there, they enjoyed the benefit of their conversation.

"But who is going to drive us? That is not one of your servants, surely, Eustace?" said Constance, in some surprise, as the coachman mounted the box.

"Yes, it is, that is Harvey. Oh! he was brought from the field to be coachman while you were at Philadelphia. Is he not wonderfully pale and white? He hardly looks like a nigger at all. Papa says he must work hard in the cotton field this summer to get a little tan, or he will be walking off for a white man some day."

"Do you know," continued Eustace, in a low voice, and looking cautiously around, "he calls himself a white man, and says he was stolen when a boy. You know we call him Harvey for short, but he always wants

to call himself Hargrave, which he declares was his name then. Now, only think! suppose he was a white man."

"Eustace," said Chauncey, interrupting him, "can you remember the sermon?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied Eustace. "Text, second Chapter, second Gospel; the subject was the Kingdom of Heaven not of this world. Religion should not be mixed up with politics; Christ and his Apostles left the laws of the countries where they taught, safe, and only taught Religion. Religious truths are distinct from state questions, and it's particularly applicable to our question. I quite agree with Dr. Radstock."

"And I did not agree with him," said Chauncey, "His language is very good, but his reasoning is not true, nor consecutive either, and his view of religion is altogether wrong. He said, I remember, that the sacred flame of religion is too holy for a state beacon; it was a paraphrase from an immoral simile from some English novel, and I disagree with the idea. Religion ought to be the guiding star of the state, as of every man in his private and public life alike. To tell us that we

may presume the law of the State to be right, because religion takes no thought of laws and temporal concerns, is to leave us without a rule or guide whatever in our political life."

"Oh! I am so glad to hear you talk so, for I did not suppose you cared for religion, since you do not like Mr. Radstock," said Eleanor innocently. Chauncey smiled at this proof of unconscious intolerance, but merely replied,—

"I esteem religion as the most important good or acquisition in life, although I do not entirely agree with Mr. Radstock. Are you satisfied with me now?"

"Yes, but why then do you object to the servants having any religious instruction or preaching?"

"Why, you know the law declared against it long ago, and opinions are very various about it. Some planters think that the negroes are made more gentle and docile by religious teaching; many say it has a dangerous tendency, and leads them from questioning and reasoning about religious subjects to questioning other and political topics."

"Oh! but in the catechisms, you know,

we teach them that it is God who gave them their masters, and that they are commanded to obey them like God."

"Does the catechism say so?" said Constance in great surprise, and forgetting the discretion which generally kept her silent whenever the topic of slavery was discussed.

"Yes, it says 'Does God work?' and answers, 'God always works,' and so they ought to work. I think religious teaching can only do them good."

"I only tell you the different opinions current upon the subject," replied Chauncey. "One of the largest slaveholders in the State told me that the surest way to spoil a nigger is to give him religious instruction. It leads to thinking, and thinking soon ruins him."

"So you would not have them taught at all?" said Eleanor.

"Oh! yes, I would. I think it would be cruel to deny them the comfort of religion, it keeps them in good order; but it should be a faith more like that given to the Catholic peasants of Southern Europe, unquestioning and trusting. They should

confess their faults to a priest, and receive absolution, and I think there need be no dangerous result from such teaching."

"Well, but you might as well leave them heathens; you will not save their souls by making them Catholics," expostulated Eleanor, looking alarmed.

"I do not suppose that the form of a man's faith is of much consequence, if he believes it with a firm heart," answered Chauncey, "and I think the simple childish faith of the Roman Church is rather peculiarly adapted to the niggers, who have warm affections, and whose reasoning powers must not be brought out."

"I do not agree with your theology at all," replied Eleanor; "but I suppose you like Bishop Meade's sermons for servants."

"Yes, they are very good, but more an illustration of my theory than yours, I think;" and as Constance looked curious, Eleanor said:—

"I will show you the book this afternoon. It is what I sometimes read to the house-servants."

"Do they like to come and hear it?" asked Constance.

"Oh! of course they do; you shall see how attentive they are."

As the little town where they attended church was but an hour's drive from the plantation, they reached home early, and Mrs. Mavor gave the summons to the housekeeper to assemble her Sunday class in the verandah. Poor Eleanor! perhaps, had she heard the graceless remarks with which some of the niggers received her kindly-meant offer, she would not have been quite so much pleased with her audience as she read—

"Almighty God has been pleased to make you slaves here, and to give you nothing but labour and poverty in this world, which you are obliged to submit to, as it is His will that it should be so. * * * Your bodies you know are not your own; they are at the disposal of those you belong to, but your souls are your own." * * *

"Look at that Jone, he isn't listening a bit, the sulky nig," whispered Eustace to Lucy. "I should like to give the rascal a good kick."

"Don't be cruel, Eustace," said Chauncey, "he has done you no harm."

Eleanor continued her reading, but Constance (who, though she agreed that the bishop's exhortations were exceedingly appropriate to the class to whom they were addressed, found it rather painful to hear the duties of slaves to their masters identified with the duties of Christians to their Maker) left the verandah, and followed Eustace to the library, where she set the younger children to learning their hymns, as their mother had desired. She told them to be very quiet, as their brother Chauncey was there also, reading.

"And you said you would show me a favourite hymn of yours, Miss Annersly," said Georgy. "Can I fetch your extract-book?"

"If you like; it is on my table," said Constance, and she read and explained the hymn in question. Georgy was not much edified, and gave up the book to Eustace, who was anxious to turn it over.

"What a lot you've copied out," said Eustace. "Ah! what is this?"

"One of my favourite pieces. You can read it too if you like."

"Oh! I should think I knew this! 'How happy is he born and taught.' It is Chauncey's great pet; he made me learn it, and then never would hear me say it, because I blundered a little bit at the beginning."

"You blundered intentionally, that was why I sent you away," said Chauncey.

"Well, may he say it now, Mr. Chauncey, as carefully as he can?" said Constance, drawing the boy close to her side. "Now, Eustace, take pains."

Eustace immediately repeated the whole poem very carefully, though Constance saw by the smile in the corners of his mouth that he remembered having made many wilful mistakes in his former repetition of it.

"Have you an extract-book too, Chauncey?" he asked as he finished.

"An extract-book? No, I keep what I like in my own head, and I think that is the way to enjoy it."

"Yes, if one can do it: I suppose you think I ought to. You said there was a hymn or something you wanted me to learn — what is it?"

"I will bring you the book from the Creek when I next come over," said Chauncey, looking rather bored. "It is by an English poet, though, I dare say, Miss Annersly has never read it, for I have never yet found any English person acquainted with it."

"Well, how does it begin then? Let's have it," said Eustace.

"It is a prayer, Eustace," replied his brother, checking his merriment somewhat severely. "It begins —

> 'Father of Light! great God of Heaven,
> Hear'st thou the accents of despair.'"

"Oh! I know it well, it is an old favourite of ours," said Constance.

"Indeed! is it?" said Chauncey. "It is not generally known."

"It is not printed in all the editions of Byron's works, but my brother was very fond of it," said Constance, turning away from Eustace to hide an unbidden tear which dropped on the page of the extract-book, where the poem was written in Charles's handwriting. She rose presently, and remembering that she had

promised to take another volume of sermons to Mrs. Mavor, sought for it on the shelves, and went to find her.

Eleanor was not in the drawing-room, and Constance followed her up stairs to her own apartment; she knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, she went in with the intention of leaving the book on the table, and to her surprise found Eleanor lying on the sofa with her face hidden in her handkerchief. She started up on hearing a step, and answered Constance's hasty apologies for her entrance by saying that she had had a headache, but it was better now, and accompanied Miss Annersly down stairs.

As they descended into the hall, they met Mrs. Burgoyne, who was evidently extremely annoyed and vexed.

"Who has been in my dressing-room?" she said angrily; "all the drawers are tumbled and disarranged by somebody. Who has dared to unlock them? Jessy, do you know who it was?"

"It was Hester, I know, missis," said a negro girl who assisted the housekeeper by running messages and bringing her

reports of the doings of her fellow-servants. She was hated by them universally, but was a useful spy, and seldom failed to discover their derelictions.

"Send Hester here directly; she shall go down to Mr. Henning this evening," said her mistress indignantly.

"Do not have the girl whipped, Lucilla," said Colonel Burgoyne. He spoke in a very quiet tone of remonstrance, but it seemed equivalent to a command, for his wife made no reply; and when he offered to reprimand the offender, she merely observed.

"You may do so if you like, but it is of no use."

Hester came in with downcast eyes, and trembling in evident expectation of a severe sentence.

"You are a saucy impudent girl, Hester," said her master in a severe tone. "You deserve to be whipped, but your mistress is very kind, and is going to let you off this once."

Hester dropped a deep curtsey and offered to take her mistress's hand and kiss it, but Mrs. Burgoyne turned away from her

with a movement of disgust. The Colonel followed his wife into the study, and Constance proposed to Eleanor to come and join the children. She would have complied, but Mavor appearing in the hall drew her arm in his and led her away, saying,

"What is the matter, dear one? You look sad to-day."

"Oh! it is nothing, dearest, but I was rather foolish," said Eleanor, kissing his hand playfully. "It is of no consequence."

Colonel Burgoyne, having placed a chair for his wife, took a letter from his desk, and began.

"Lucilla, I have been thinking over this Sprague business, and I see it must be compromised. I have a letter from the old woman's lawyer, hinting that his client would offer some compensation if a compromise was offered; and I think I shall accept it, for I find that the law is hardly on our side, though this woman has clearly ruined the niggers by starving them; yet as I did not specify how many quarts of corn they were to have per week when she

hired them from me, and only stipulated for a fair allowance, I shall, perhaps, have no redress.* I will not have niggers at a distance again; it is a perfect nuisance. I will either sell them, or bring them to the plantation at once under my own eye."

"And now you will accept a compensation; but you swore you would not do that, Francis."

"Yes, I know I did, and therefore I cannot appear in the business; you must go and play the mediator. It is a long journey for you to take into Missouri, but I will go with you nearly to their door, and it must be done; must not it, eh?"

"Yes; I know it must," said Mrs. Burgoyne resignedly.

"But you don't like going, Lucilla, I see; of course you don't; but you see it must be, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose it must, and I can visit

* It is a singular fact that while the legal allowance of food to negroes is about a peck of corn per week, persons desirous to hire slaves will offer ten quarts of corn, besides two or three pounds of bacon extra per week as an inducement to the owners to hire them out.

the Bells too when I am there," said his wife quietly.

"But you are vexed about it; so am I, but it cannot be helped, and if you cannot go, I must get Mary to manage it for me."

"I can do anything that she can do," said Mrs. Burgoyne quickly, "and I think your wife is a much better person to conduct your affairs than your sister, Francis."

"Oh! of course you are, Lucilla; come, you shall do it when you like; only don't look so cross. You see it must be done by one of us, and it cannot well be by me. Now, don't you see the sense of it?"

Mrs. Burgoyne acquiesced, but very absently.

"Well, what then? Are you vexed because I talked of calling in Mary to do it? No, eh? Then what *is* the matter? Oh, you need not pretend to laugh; you are vexed at something; now what is it, dear girl?"

"There are some things which I have the right to be vexed at, Francis," said Mrs. Burgoyne with a quivering lip.

"Oh, nonsense!" he exclaimed angrily. "I understand your sulks now; the old

thing, of course. First one girl, then another, that you are jealous about. Why, Lucilla, do not be so ridiculous, my love," he continued, kissing her. "You need not think I care for that girl a bit, not a bit; would not mind if she was sold to-morrow;" and he kissed her again, adding, "You were always a little fool about such things, Lucie."

His wife said nothing; she was afraid of losing her self-command if she spoke, but she returned his kisses warmly, and left the room wiping away a few tears which had forced themselves into her eyes, in spite of all her efforts. She did not, however, come into the drawing-room again that evening.

"Where is mamma? She looked very tired; I am afraid she is not well," said Eustace.

"She is in her own room, trying to be quiet," said his father. "So don't you go and bother her, my boy. Why, Eleanor, my dear, you look as if the ride had fatigued you too; or was it the preacher? Confess that, and keep me in countenance; pray do. He bored *me* horribly."

Eleanor laughed, but took up her prayer-book, and went up-stairs. The corridor and staircase, being only lighted from the hall, were now quite dark, and Letta was trimming the lamps. Eleanor pushed by her quickly, and went into Mrs. Burgoyne's dressing-room, and leaning her arms on the broad window-sill looked out into the clear moonlight. She remained absorbed in thought for some time, and suddenly rising, found Mrs. Burgoyne sitting by her. She laid her hand affectionately on her daughter-in-law's shoulder, and kissed her forehead as she rose to take a seat near her. There was a candle on the table, but both ladies seemed disposed to turn their faces away from the light, and when they spoke there was a slight huskiness in the voice of each, which betokened all was not tranquil in the bosom of either.

"I am going to take Letta away from you, Eleanor, and you shall have Hester entirely now. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, dear madam; I do not like Letta much; she is awkward, I think."

"She is more thoughtful, and forgets less than the others, and that is why I like her,"

said Mrs. Burgoyne. "That girl, Lavinia, is a sad trouble to poor Lucy; she worries her dreadfully by her thoughtlessness."

"Is Letta's husband on this plantation?" said Eleanor, carelessly. "Who is it?"

"He is not here; she says he is on a plantation near here, I believe," replied Mrs. Burgoyne, not daring, however, to look her daughter-in-law in the face, for she saw the young wife was already growing suspicious of her own husband, and she hastened to change the subject, but Eleanor paid her very little attention, and soon went to her own room.

"Ah! poor girl, she will have her own troubles, like every one else," thought Mrs. Burgoyne, drying her own eyes; "but I thought I could have kept her from knowing this. That tiresome Letty has been bringing the child into the kitchen, I fear, but I will tell her it must not and shall not be."

Constance, on putting away her extract-book that evening, re-arranged several other volumes, aud amongst them found one which possessed a sad interest for her. Like most young ladies she had at various

times attempted to keep a diary or journal, and without much success, for the temptation to seek for the sympathy of her father and brother, by reading it aloud to them, had prevented her writing anything in it not intended for a critical eye; and at the same time the consciousness of the incompleteness of this method of journal-keeping had discouraged her efforts. She had, nevertheless, bought a new manuscript book before starting on their American journey, and its first pages were filled with descriptions of the various sights and scenes they had visited before their father's illness arrested their progress. It was a melancholy occupation to re-read them, and yet, beguiled by their interest, she sat up half the night to do it, and then determined to continue the diary. She could not record the particulars of her father's illness; it was too painful a task, so she left a blank space of many pages, and began to write from the present date, resolving to continue it steadily. But this fresh resolution shared the fate of all the previous ones; she had but little time at her own disposal, and the inclination to write soon

left her. Of this unfortunate diary, perhaps some pages were destroyed, but all that remained at last were a few unconnected entries before it stopped altogether.

"*February* 1*st*.—The excessive cold is passing, for which I am very glad; the poor negroes must have suffered at their work, I am sure; but Mrs. Burgoyne says they always can have fires at night if they want. I have had the pleasure of reading some of the future Senator's literary productions to-day. I never read anything so, I may truly say, iniquitous. I got through three of them; one on the propriety of re-enslaving the *free people of colour*. I never thought any one dare question their right to liberty, but it seems this rising politician does.

"The second pamphlet was on the much-exaggerated insolence of the North; and the third was on the privileges of the slave-owning aristocracy; and in this he absolutely hints that the *poor whites*, as they call all who do not hold negroes, would make as good *slaves* as the Africans. Is it possible that any man, calling himself a republican, can write this, in his right

mind? I felt I could not go on to read the slave-trade articles if they were to be treated in the same spirit, and so abandoned the task.

"*February 3rd.*—The library here is not worthy of the family; on the contrary, it is very insignificant and trashy. Mr. Chauncey, they say, has a magnificent one at West Creek, but as they think their own good, I do not expect much from his. By the by, I think his political theories, which they all so admire, far more to be deplored than his theological errors, which prevent him from worshipping the wonderful Dr. Radstock with them. *I* do not like Dr. Radstock, and feel very pleased to hear Mr. Chauncey exposing his mistakes; but as my opposition to the Radstock school would do no good if known, I keep discreetly silent on the subject, and am, I fear, considered a devout disciple. Mr. Chauncey discoursed to-day about the necessity for the slave trade in a way which it was difficult to hear without showing one's dissent.

"*February 4th.* — Mr. Ellsland, the orator's flapper and worshipper, came to-day

to show Colonel Burgoyne an article copied from a newspaper published in the North by some of the abolitionists. I was really very sorry that he came, for it was a most foolish and ill-advised article; and it is necessarily very irritating to a kind-hearted slaveholder to find himself classed with all the monsters of cruelty which disgrace the system. I quite felt sympathy with Colonel Burgoyne's anger: apparently, his speech in Charleston, some weeks ago, gave them great offence, for he is called a perfect 'roll-call of hard names,' to use his own expression. He asked me if he was not justified in having said there were no gentlemen whatever at the North, and I really felt he had been hardly used. I am surprised to learn how young Mrs. Burgoyne is. She told me to-day she was not seventeen when her son Mavor was born, and therefore she is now only forty-two; but she looks very much older. I hardly think she can have had a happy life, and yet her husband seems remarkably affectionate and amiable.

"*February* 11*th.*—We had a literary discussion to-day, and, I am glad to say, the

Senator and I agreed singularly in our judgment of authors. It was rather amusing; we coincided on almost every point. I wish he came oftener here, for he is really entertaining; and Eustace works with enthusiasm when hoping for his approbation.

"*February* 14*th*.—I meant to have a long writing this afternoon, but Mrs. Mavor, I thought, seemed so dispirited and low, that it was a duty to stay and try to amuse her. I have had a great deal of trouble with Lucy to-day. She is extremely idle, and most irritable towards her servant.

"*February* 15*th*.—A bad day, and everybody cross, and the poor nurse and Miss Lucy's maid have suffered in consequence. Mr. Chauncey was to have come to-day, but has not, and everyone has been out of spirits accordingly. The children are much disappointed, and I am so too out of sympathy with them, especially as he would have kept them in good-humour.

"*February* 17*th*. — More visitors again, and remarkably agreeable people. Mr. Benson has one of the largest plantations here, and several others elsewhere, and I like the family much better than that of

the Martins, whom we had yesterday. Judge Benson is very gentlemanly and courteous, and so is his brother. I think they are all annoyed at some account of an abolition speech in Congress, that was in the *Courier*. I wish those well-meaning people at the North could distinguish between the bad masters and the good ones; it must irritate men like Colonel Burgoyne and his sons to hear themselves called tyrants, men-stealers, &c., when they really are meaning to do well by their servants. If I liked to speak of the question, I would explain to Mrs. Burgoyne how we are told in England only about the worst cases, and know nothing of the kinder-hearted planters; but I feel a repugnance to make any allusion to a subject on which in the end we must be content to differ. My pretty favourite Letta says the servants here are all happy, and she added, the family was a very good family, so I feel really glad to hear this from a slave. Colonel Burgoyne is very humane, I think; he counselled Mrs. Burgoyne very strongly not to punish that tiresome Hester, who is always doing wrong; but yet he *talks* of flogging niggers,

in a manner that is painful to listen to, but yet I am bound to shut my ears to it."

About this time arrived a long letter from Miss Morton, which, after many expressions of affection, concluded in the following manner: —

"I have written to papa to beg him to send for me home, for I must see him. I have sent him my portrait, a sweet little miniature, and I hope he will like it. I wish he would come here, that would be better, but really, in spite of all my apparent dissipation, I am very dull. Dr. Mayworth says he hears me complimented on every side, and we have numbers of visitors; but my greatest enjoyment is a quiet evening with his family or with Mr. Maxwell. I believe I am writing very foolishly and ungratefully to papa for sending me here so kindly; I know I do really enjoy the balls and concerts, but I want to see him so much again. I sometimes feel as if I must *run away*, to go to him just for one kiss."

Constance also received a letter from Charles, of which the following fragment remains:—

* * * "So at last I have agreed, and I am off. Do not be frightened at the accounts people bring you of the fever there. I believe it is a mere phantasy. I felt I had no right to refuse the offer; for the salary is high; and, after all, I am no further off from you on the coast of Africa than in England while you are in Yankeedom, so I sail next week for the station on the Brass river, and, in future, I shall have no thoughts but for palm-oil and cocoa-nuts. So enough of me, and now to yourself." * * *

This letter, announcing the departure of her brother for a situation he had accepted on the African coast, in the employ of a large firm in the palm-oil trade, gave Constance much distress and uneasiness. She felt, whatever her brother might say, there was a great difference between knowing Charles in England, and three weeks' journey at most from her, and having him far away, almost out of reach of her letters, in a proverbially unhealthy climate, with no friend near him; and she felt very lonely herself without the power of consulting him, or only hearing his answer after

many months. She tried to reason herself into acquiescence, but no philosophy could prevent her being very unhappy. Mrs. Burgoyne saw her distress, and after hearing the cause, did not attempt to console her by reasoning, but by kind sympathy, which had a greater success.

A second part of her brother's letter, however, Constance was obliged to keep entirely to herself. It related to her panegyric upon the Burgoyne family, and ran thus:—

"Now, dear sis', it pains me that you, who should know better, should forget an Englishman's love of freedom, and so completely shut your eyes to all the horrors of this slavery you see about you. At least, don't palliate it to *me*. I have no doubt the slaves are treated well on Colonel Burgoyne's estate, but you write almost as a defender of the whole system might. Now, do not be like all the English who visit the South, who begin with an honest abhorrence of slavery, and when they are welcomed and entertained by Southern planters with good dinners and fair words, stifle their natural feelings, and try to approve all they see out of gratitude for their hos-

pitality. Of course you like people who are kind to you, and have refined and gentlemanly manners; but remember it is easy for a man to have white hands and be gentlemanly when he steals other men to do his dirty work for him; and if he is not very brutal, or quite case-hardened to suffering, it is because he pays an overseer to do his flogging for him; and avoids the sight of the agony his orders inflict. Do not be angry with me for writing this, dear Constance; I know you yourself have far too much respect for liberty and justice to excuse and sympathise with anything like slavery, and I know also that, in your position, it is difficult to express dissent from the general sentiments round you; but a word or look might, I think, be given, and be of use; but be that as it may, remain true to yourself in abhorring tyranny and injustice in any form. Anyhow, don't write to me as if I was a slaveholder, for I hated it all the time I was at Jeffersonville, only I could not say a word then."

Constance was much annoyed at this reproof, all the more as her conscience represented to her that it was a little deserved.

It was true that dear Charles was absurd in wishing her to betray, by word or look, any dissent from the opinions of her employers; but still she was aware that she had been very anxious to conciliate them, and very ready to see them all in the best colours. "Still," as she wrote to Charles, "people tell me that, to express any English opinion on the subject, would be to forfeit my situation. I do not believe this, for they are too kind and tolerant to make my thinking so a crime; but for this reason am I not more bound to keep silent, lest I should pain their feelings in any way? Of course, it would be very wrong for me to say anything which should introduce doubts of their humanity amongst their children or their servants. Why should I believe the reports of abolitionist journals against my own eyes and the word of my friends? I know they are kind and good masters, and I will not confound them with the exceptional tyrants who make the name of slavery so odious to us in England."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I THINK I shall go and give that devil, Jonas, a good whipping," said Mavor, one morning, entering the library, where Constance was reading with Eustace.

"Why, what has he done?" asked Chauncey, hardly raising his eyes from his book.

"It is enough to look at the stable to see that a whipping is wanted. It will do him good; he is growing too saucy," replied Mavor, breaking off the end of a fresh cigar.

"I would not whip him much then now, for you will want every hand at work, now the weather is breaking; and besides, Mavor, I would wait a day or two until there was some plausible reason to report, if I were you," added Chauncey, settling himself more comfortably in his easy-chair.

"No, I shall not. I hate the look of the

boy," said Mavor, leaving the room, while Chauncey continued to read.

"Surely, sir, you will not let Mr. Mavor punish that poor man, when he has committed no fault?" exclaimed Constance, eagerly.

Chauncey looked up surprised, but answered, "It would do no good to interfere; it would only vex Mavor, and ensure the boy a worse whipping;" and he went on with his book, while Constance sat for a moment, confounded at his cool indifference to the poor slave's suffering. Eustace recalled her to his book, but she quickly turned from him, and appealed again to Chauncey.

"But you must go, sir, with Mr. Mavor. You can prevent his flogging the poor man if you like; and he himself says he has done nothing. You cannot let an innocent man suffer such a cruel punishment!"

Chauncey shrugged his shoulders a little, and Constance stopped speaking, for she remembered how Eustace had alluded to his brother as having an especial dislike to the slave in question, and for a moment she thought of going to Colonel Burgoyne

in behalf of Jonas, when Chauncey threw down his book, and said he would go and see that Mavor did not carry the joke too far. Eustace jumped up, and said he should follow him, and Constance, upon whom the memory of her brother's letter, re-read that morning, was very strong, followed too, without stopping to consider the desirability of her presence.

But neither Mavor nor his intended victim could be found. They were not at the negro quarters, nor in the stable-yard, and Constance began to hope he had abandoned his purpose, and gone for a ride, but she saw that Chauncey was becoming uneasy as he walked on still faster, questioning every negro they met if he knew where Jonas was.

"Perhaps he is in the woodlot," suggested Eustace. "Papa told him to take the colts there this morning."

Chauncey redoubled his pace without waiting for Constance, who followed at a distance, until she reached the gate of the wood-paddock, the extremest part of the farm, while he at the same moment came up to his brother at the further end of the

field. Jonas was there too, and undergoing his punishment; Mavor had thrown his coat on the ground, and, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, was flogging with a heavy cowhide-whip the mulatto slave, who, stripped of his shirt and coat, was tied fast to the door of the cowshed. His shrieks and groans could be heard by Constance and her pupil at the further gate, and they also prevented Mavor from hearing the loud expostulations of Chauncey, until he was by his side, and laid violent hands on the whip.

"Enough, enough, for this time, Mavor; give me the whip," and, after a short resistance, Mavor relinquished it, saying—

"You are right; he has had enough, perhaps. Have your own way; but why the devil do *you* take his part?"

"I don't want him needlessly punished; and look, Miss Annersly is there."

"Here, you d—d nigger, you may go," said Mavor; but the mulatto fell to the ground as soon as Chauncey untied him.

"Confound it! he has fainted," said Mavor, giving the senseless body a kick to test the truth of its unconsciousness.

"Come along, we will go and send Jim for him."

"*Will* you go and keep Miss Annersly away?" exclaimed Chauncey, angrily, but as he spoke Constance reached the place, and stood still, struck dumb with horror.

"Go back, Miss Annersly; you can be of no use. Why are you here?" said Chauncey, turning crimson with shame and anger that a foreigner should be a witness to this scene. "Or stop, you could tell them to bring water from that cabin. Go after her, Eustace, and do not let her come back," he added, as she hurried away towards the little hut that stood on the other side of the fence. A deep ditch of black mud arrested her course, and while she ran along it to the bridge, Mavor crossed it by a long leap, and arrived at the hut as she did. Its occupants were a mulatto man, decrepit and feeble, lying on the floor near the stick-fire, and a woman and her two little children, whom Constance would have supposed to be whites, had not Mavor, on entering, addressed them as d—d niggers.

"Where is Jim? not here?" and he went out, swearing as he stumbled over the child on the floor, while Constance, catching

up the only jug the cabin afforded, ran out to the little well, and with some difficulty succeeded in filling the pitcher; but Eustace, arriving in breathless haste, took it from her, and telling her Chauncey said she was to remain where she was, darted off with it.

Constance had little inclination to disobey his orders, and the quadroon woman said earnestly—

"Better not go, miss; you will only make the gentlemen more mad if you go, and then he'll catch it more quickly again."

Constance sat down, thoroughly sick with what she had just witnessed.

"Had he been flogging him long?" she asked. The woman made no answer, but the man who lay before the fire partially raised himself to reply. He was blind, but Constance did not then notice that.

"Yes, a long time; I hear him screech, and I thought Mr. Mavor was a whippin' him. I knew he'd be doin' it again some of these days. He will be whipped again many a time before they've killed him."

"Kill him? they do not want to kill him?" said Constance, almost gasping for

breath. The old man listened attentively to her voice for a moment, as if he were uncertain who she might be, and said—

"Kill him: yes, they will; they mean to, and the missis will thank 'em for it. It's she who sets them on; but it's always so; brother against brother, and the old lady at the bottom of it."

"Hush, hush! Uncle Will," whispered the woman, hurriedly bending towards him. "It's the young lady stranger; take care." But Constance started up, exclaiming—

"Brother against brother! what do you mean?" and she stopped horrified, as the truth flashed upon her.

She was, of course, perfectly well aware that the slave children of planters, if not sold to the Southern market, must remain on the estate, but she had never supposed that Jonas was one of these, nor had she ever realised what must be their probable fate, unrecognised and unprotected by their father, and exposed to the bitter hatred of the lawful wife, and her sons, who found a savage pleasure in thus avenging the slights offered to their mother. She remembered, now, Mrs. Burgoyne's refusal to assist Ellie in binding up the mulatto's wounded foot,

and Eustace's confident assertion that he should be well whipped when Chauncey came, and a shudder passed through her as she thought how often must similar cruelties occur where there were such natural causes of dislike, and unlimited power to indulge it. As to Mavor and Chauncey, they now appeared to her more like fiends than men, and when she heard steps approaching, she drew back into a corner, unwilling to meet them, and hoping to remain unobserved. Chauncey and Eustace, assisted by a strong negro, carried in a rough litter, made of a hurdle, on which lay poor Jonas. A frown was on the young planter's brow, and Eustace was very pale, and Constance shuddered as she saw the marked likeness between their faces and the inanimate countenance, distorted by suffering, which lay before them. There was a silence. Constance heard a sound as if drops of water were falling one by one upon the ground. She saw it was the blood that dripped slowly off the hurdle. She could bear it no longer, but, hastening from her place of concealment, she hurried into the open air.

A minute afterwards she was joined by Eustace, but he made no remark, and, probably, had been told not to do so by his brother, for when Chauncey came out of the cabin he looked gloomy and vexed, and led the way homewards without saying a word. As they passed the cowshed, Constance saw spots of blood on the grass, and she hurried on, but her companions stopped, and Eustace picked up a small pocket-knife which had been used to cut the cords that tied Jonas.

"Here, Chauncey, here is your knife," he said, wiping some red specks from off the haft. "It is the one Lucy gave you. I think you would be sorry to lose it."

"Thank you; but how came you to be so stupid as to let Miss Annersly come on here, Eustace, and see the boy whipped? How could you? Your own sense should have told you that she, a Northerner, an Englishwoman I mean, should have been kept away."

"I really don't know; I could not think of anything; I was frightened to see Mavor whipping Jone so hard. Is that why you look so sober then? I wondered why you were so glum. I thought you would not

mind Mavor giving Jone a whipping; you don't, do you?"

"No, of course I don't, if he wants it, but father will, if he hears of it," and with a few rapid strides he was by Constance's side. "Miss Annersly, I must beg you not to allude to the present matter at the house."

Constance, unwilling to speak, answered by a slight inclination of the head, and Chauncey continued—

"I regret that you should have met so painful a scene. My brother has been very severe, and my father would, I fear, blame him for it, so we will not mention it, if you please."

"I have no wish to do so," Constance answered, in a tone in which indignation and disgust struggled with her usual civility, and Chauncey, turning angrily away, said nothing more during the walk home. He entered the house by the library window, and Constance hurried away to her own room, anxious only to avoid meeting any of that family, whom, until now, she had believed to be, one and all, incapable of any harshness or severity to their negroes.

The veil had been rudely drawn from before her eyes. She had often, while walking in the shrubbery, heard distant cries and screams, and had shut her ears and heart to them by telling herself it was necessary that refractory negroes should be corrected, and that the overseer was reputed a mild and sensible man, and he would not inflict any needless punishment upon the slaves. But to-day she had seen what a severe whipping was, and had learnt what the humanity of at least one member of the family was worth; and she trembled to think what scenes might be enacted on this very plantation where she had believed and said the slaves were as well off as the free labourers of the North.

She was startled from these reflections by a hurried knock at the door, and the voice of Eustace saying, "Can I come in, Miss Annersly?" She opened the door, and saw him looking much excited and frightened.

"What must I do?" he said; "papa is calling me, and he will ask me if I have seen Jonas. He is asking everybody where he is; he suspects something, and what

can I say? I will not get Mavor into trouble."

"Tell the truth, if he asks you," replied Constance; "besides, you owe your father a greater duty than you do Mr. Mavor."

"Oh! well, I must tell the truth; but I would rather stick by Mavor in this business," said Eustace, and he turned to go, but saw his father on the stairs, and remained by his governess as if seeking her support, while Colonel Burgoyne said —

"Eustace, I have been calling you some time. Do you know where Jonas is? Mavor knows nothing of him."

Eustace gave Constance a significant look, and replied, "I think he is down at Jim's cabin."

"And what doing? Why does he not come back to his work?" asked Colonel Burgoyne, and, as his son hesitated, his suspicions re-awakened, and he sternly insisted on an answer; and after much cross-examination, drew the whole truth from the unwilling Eustace.

"Always so," he exclaimed, with a deep oath, and stamping his foot on the ground; "they will spoil every hand on the planta-

tion;" and he added, *sotto voce*, as he walked away, "I must sell him, I believe, or they will kill him by inches."

Eustace waited until he had descended the stairs, and then ran down them two steps at a time, leaving Constance alone, confounded at the prospect of his probable education with the example set before him by Mavor. She felt in no humour to go down after him, and when the dinner-bell rang, and she knew she must go, in consequence of a special invitation that morning, it was a most painful effort. As she crossed the hall, she heard one of the housemaids observe to Letta—

"Will missis come down to dinner, Letty? was not Master real angry?"

"Oh! yes, he was; they were talking ever so long in master's study. He said she set Master Mavor on to whip Jonas, and Missis went up to her room as white as a sheet."

"Oh! I had better not go in," thought Constance, and she was gladly turning away, when Eleanor's voice called her to enter. The whole family (except Mavor, who had chosen to go off for his ride) were assembled, and if there had been any ill-humour among

them, they seemed to have philosophically forgotten it. Mrs. Burgoyne certainly looked pale; but they all talked much as usual, only Chauncey carefully avoided speaking to Miss Annersly, or even looking towards her. It was a great relief to Constance that Mavor was not there, and when, towards the end of the meal, his step was heard in the hall, she rose, and hastily alleging the usual pretext of a headache, begged Mrs. Burgoyne to excuse her, and left the table. She passed Mavor at the door without turning her head, and went to her own room, wondering how she should ever meet and speak to him again with civility. As she recalled the horrid scene of the morning, a painful curiosity seized her to know more of the treatment which the slaves on the plantation suffered. She remembered Edward Maxwell's saying that she need not delude herself with the idea that she would hear complaints from the negroes if they were ill-used, unless they saw reason to consider her a special friend; and she was angry with herself for having felt such indifference to their misfortunes, and having so thoroughly iden-

tified herself with their owners, — their tyrants as she now called them. She had never encouraged the quadroon girl, Letta, to talk to her, from a secret, unconfessed fear that her history was a sad one, for her very smile was mournful, and her laugh, though silvery, had something bitter in it. But now, when Letta came in to arrange her room for the night, Constance detained her for some trivial reason, and began her inquiries. She approached the subject, not with much art it must be confessed.

"Are the servants kindly treated as a rule here, Letta? There are not often such whippings as the one Jonas has had, I presume?"

"Oh, mas'r is a very good mas'r, and the family is very kind, miss," replied the quadroon. It was her usual answer when the question had been asked, and hitherto Constance had let it satisfy her; but it would not do so now.

"They may be very kind to you, Letta; but this flogging of Jone is the most dreadful thing; I never dreamt of such. Are such punishments common, or not? You need not fear that I shall tell any one what

you say to me, Letta; but I want to know the truth."

Letta fixed her dark eyes on Constance, as if she would read her very soul; and, after a long scrutiny, answered—

"They really are not worse than others, miss. I think they would be called a kind family; but dreadful things do happen sometimes;" and, as she uttered these words, a knock at the door made her start and tremble so violently that she could scarcely move to open it.

"Please, Miss Ann'sly," said Jessy, "please, missis says will you let Letty come down? Ole Sally is wantin' her; her baby's took sick; and I can do anythin' you'se wanting, miss," she added; while Letta, with a cry of terror, sprang to the door, but there stopped, waiting for permission to depart.

"Run down, Letta, and bring your baby up to me," said Constance, and she declined any assistance from Jess, whom, in secret truth, she rather disliked. She kept her with her, however, until Letta returned with her child. It was crying pitifully, but quietly, for its mother's whispered injunction to be quiet lest missis should hear

it, appealed with full force even to its two-year-old intellect. Constance prescribed for the child as best she could, and told the mother to sit down there and rock it to sleep, which she gladly did, and the poor little thing's wail ceased in a few minutes. Constance dismissed Jessy, and busied herself by writing in her diary, occasionally looking up to inquire how her little patient was sleeping. At last she laid down the pen, and took a seat near Letta.

"Do you think old Sally takes good care of it? Has she any others to attend to, Letta?"

"Three or four, miss. She does as well as she can; but she is very old to attend to so young a child; and I fear they ain't much looked after."

"Are not you able to go to it sometimes?"

"No, miss, only for a minute. I used to have him up in the kitchen, but when the young missis came, it was sent away from the house, and now I never see it except I run down in the evening just to give him one kiss, when my work is all done. Poor thing!"

"Poor child! and poor mother!" said Constance, sympathisingly; and, as if her heart had been opened by the kindness shown to her child, Letta suddenly threw away her former cautious reserve, and answered—

"Oh, yes, it's very hard—very hard, miss, to know that it's fretting and cold, and no one able to soothe it, and to be obliged to go on working away from it; and I dare not go down to see after it, even when I could find time, for fear missis should be angry. And then I am so afraid that it may be taken to be sold, or I'll be sold myself, and never see it again."

Letta shed no tears, but her voice had a hopeless sadness in it that was more painful to hear than louder complaints. "You will not be sold; I do not see any likelihood of it," was all the comfort Constance could offer.

Letta shook her head. "He perhaps would not; but others may, miss. Jone's mother was sold, and old mas'r loved her better than anyone else, but he could not prevent missis from sending her off when he was out of the way."

"But there was a reason then, Letta?" continued Constance, as a painful surmise crossed her mind. "Have you no friends here? Where is your husband?—on whose plantation is he?"

Letta coloured and bent over her baby, which woke at the same moment. It smiled as it saw her, and the smile changed the whole expression of its face, and answered Miss Annersly's doubts only too painfully. That peculiar smile was not to be mistaken; she had never seen it but on two faces, and she drew back with a natural feeling of indignation and anger as she asked abruptly and sharply—

"Is it Mr. Chauncey or Mr. Mavor, Letta?"

"Oh! Mr. Mavor, miss," answered the quadroon, rising and wrapping the child in her shawl. "I know, miss, the Bible says it's very wrong, but I could not help it. I am but a slave, and cannot do as I would like."

Constance was touched by the sadness in Letta's voice.

"How can you, being a slave, love a master who is so cruel as he has been to-

day?" said she, preventing her by a sign of the hand from leaving the room, as she was about to do.

"Love him!—I! God knows I do not. I hate him. Don't think, miss, that I was brought up to this. I'm not like them all downstairs. No, indeed; though they don't love him; but only try and please him that they may shirk their work, and not get whipped, and have extra tea and rum. Clara, poor thing!—whom you saw at Jim's cottage, miss,—she does love him; and if it had not been for her nursing he never would have got through the fever last year; but now she is sent away to Jim's cabin, to manage as she can with her baby this cold weather; and mine has been sent from me to Sally, lest Madam Eleanor should see it; but she'll find it out some day, and then, poor baby! she may sell it away from me; or, if it isn't, it will be whipped, when it's grown up, by her children some day, as Jonas is."

"But is Jonas worse treated than the other negroes by Mr. Mavor?"

"He needn't be; there are plenty others whom he might hate just as well, for that

matter; but still he do hate him more than all. Missis does so; she couldn't bear his mother. Missis went on her knees, they say, to mas'r to sell the girl, and when he wouldn't, she watched her time and sold her to a soul-driver, who took her down south with her baby, and mas'r never could hear of her again."

"And Jonas?" said Constance, drawing a deep breath.

"Oh! he was left, miss; the trader didn't want him, and he was made Mr. Mavor's boy, and cruelly enough he used him; but still he would sometimes prevent Mr. Chauncey from treating him worse, and Jonas always helped Mr. Mavor to fight Mr. Chauncey. But now Mr. Mavor is the worst, and he is always whipping him, and some day he will kill him, old Will says—he that's blind, miss."

"Kill him! oh no, Letta, you do not know what you say."

"Yes, he will, miss; he tried to do it the other day; he drove the new gig right at him, and meant to have gone over him, but the horse wouldn't do it, for it knew Jone, and it jumped to one side, and the

wheel only went over his foot. You helped Ellie bind it up, miss, you remember, and you wondered how he managed to get it done. It was Master Mavor did it."

Letta had now forgotten all her doubts of her listener's sympathy or good faith. She spoke apparently freely and unreservedly, and as she saw that Miss Annersly was still attentive, she continued —

"My mother often told me of her brother, whom she remembered seeing killed. His master, who was his father, sent him away to work in another town, but when he died all the slaves were brought back again by the young mas'r, his son, and he soon began to whip my uncle cruelly, and at last he took his pistol and shot him dead — he did, miss, — shot him dead."

"And where was your mother?" Constance asked, making an effort to speak in spite of herself.

"She was by, miss, and saw him buried in a hole in the negro quarters; but her mas'r sent her the next day to a drover, and she was sold to a rich gentleman. He

was very kind to her, and she was very fond of him; but he married a few years afterwards, and sold her and both her little children, and the man who bought her did not want the children, and he sold them."

Letta stopped for a minute, and then went on. "She was nearly crazed with losing her baby, and for some time they thought she would never be sensible again; but she got right at last, and then my father bought her, and then she had me. She lived with him many years: when he died I was fifteen years old, and there were seven of us. We lived in a pretty cottage on his estate, a good way from the great house where the missis was. She, the missis, had two children, a boy and a girl, and when the master, my father, died, they settled to divide the slaves between them. My mother was in her share with the five younger children, and I and my brother were in his. I never saw mother again; I believe she died two years afterwards. My brother was sold to a hard master, who flogged him so that he wouldn't stand it, and preferred to take his chance, and he

ran away ; and I never heard of him afterwards, but I think he was shot. Mas'r was very ill for a long time, and I nursed him through it, but when he got well he sold me, and I came here."

"And here, Letta, you told me the slaves were well treated, and you said your master was very kind : why did you say that ?"

"Yes, Miss Ann'sly, but I didn't know but what you'd tell what I said to missis, and I should have been whipped, perhaps. But they really are a kind family amongst masters : much better than Mr. Ellsland or Mr. Benson; and Mr Chauncey's niggers, they say, are very kindly treated, better, even, than the hands here."

"Then he is not so cruel as his brother?"

"Ellie says he used to be much the worst, miss, for he was so passionate he would do anything; but, indeed, before he went to Europe he was entirely managed by the lady—for Miss Helen was a lady, Miss Annersly, though she was sold for a servant—whom he had with him at the Creek. He was very fond of her, and she never let him be very cruel to his servants."

"She is dead, is she not, Letta?"

"Yes, miss, she died a year and a half since. He went over the sea after that. He fretted a good deal, I believe, about her; he was really fond of her."

"Why did he not set her free and marry her, then?" said Constance, half to herself.

Letta laughed and then sighed.

"I do not know, miss; but it is never done, and it is sometimes very difficult, I believe. Her father meant to have set her free, and he thought he had done so, they said, but it was all a mistake, and when he died she was sold. I knew a woman, she had five children, and they were all made free as well as herself by their master, but they were all sold again, and were made slaves. One of those boys is at the Creek now."

"And you, Letta, were you brought up as a slave?—you do not speak like the other servants."

Letta smiled sadly. "I don't know, miss; mother always hoped she should get my father to set us free, and she took great pains with us all; but, perhaps, we are only the more unhappy for that. If I felt differently

from as I do, I might be less miserable; and yet I would not be like Hester for anything."

"You have told me some terrible things which I never thought to hear, Letta," said Constance, sighing.

"Oh! Miss Annersly, I can tell you of many more. I can tell you of a man who was burnt alive by Mr. Ellsland's father. They were at it for a whole hour, and his eyes were burnt out of his head before he died, and his shrieks!—Jonas says he shall never forget them, let him live ever so long. And there was a woman I knew——"

"Oh! no more, Letta, that will do," exclaimed Constance, terror-stricken; but Letta would not be stopped. Her tongue was fairly unloosed, and she hurried on from one scene of horror to another, some of which she had witnessed, and others could vouch for on good authority, till Constance, overcome with disgust and heart-sickness, was obliged to silence her revelations and send her away. But she could not so banish the painful scenes which her recital had called up; they filled her mind sleeping or waking, and in her dreams the

flogging of Jonas came back again with startling vividness. She saw Mavor with his hands all stained red, Eustace cleaning the knife from the specks of blood, and Chauncey's hard, cold look of mere vexation when he found her a spectator of the scene. But yesterday they had appeared the very personification of kindly feeling and gentlemanly high-breeding; now they were changed into ruffians, and she wondered how she should ever be able to meet and speak with them again. In the morning the prospect of breakfasting with them, which, as it was Sunday, she would be obliged to do, and the drive to church with them, distressed her in the extreme, and she revolved a dozen times in her mind the proper manner of meeting them, so as not to betray in her countenance all the abhorrence she felt towards them in her heart. She must not show that; she was still their mother's governess, but it would be very difficult to hide it.

She put off the evil hour as long as she could, and when the breakfast-bell sounded, went reluctantly downstairs, fearing greatly that she was about to enrage them and

distress Mrs. Burgoyne by betraying her horror of Mavor.

"I never could speak to him," she said to herself, "after seeing his fingers all red with the blood of that poor creature. I must go from here; it is no question of right or wrong, whether I ought to stop or not—*I cannot;*" and with these words on her lips she went downstairs.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a lovely morning. The hall was sweet with the fragrance of fresh flowers, and a little bird was fluttering up and down the staircase, pursued with shouts of glee and caressing persuasions by little Georgy with a handful of bread crumbs.

"Oh! come and help me, Miss Annersly," she cried, running to her; "this poor little bird cannot find its way out, and I want to show it him."

"Open the upper window, and then run down into the hall," said Constance, kissing her. "Look! there he goes, free and happy. Where is Frank?"

"In the breakfast-room. It's Sunday morning. Carry me in in your arms, Miss Annersly."

"No, indeed! you are too heavy," replied Constance, laughing.

"Oh! I shall make you, Miss Annersly, indeed I shall."

"You will have to catch me first then," said Constance, running round the hall, pursued by Georgy, who was, however, caught up by Mavor, and carried, laughing and screaming, into the breakfast-room.

"Good morning, Miss Annersly," he said, cheerfully; "I have lost my wager with Eustace. I said we should have three wet Sundays, and this morning is as lovely as a spring day."

"I am very glad of it," replied Constance, hardly able to speak, and not daring to look at him; but he seemed perfectly unconscious of her distress, and began talking in his usual pleasant, cordial tone. Constance was obliged to reply, and finally to laugh; and as she listened to his kind chatter with the children, and his earnest and affectionate conversation with his sister Lucy, she could hardly recognise the same man whom she had seen under such circumstances of horror the preceding day. Eustace seemed to have forgotten it altogether, and Chauncey was in better spirits than she had as yet seen him; and after some time she found herself gradually losing the recollection of the inhuman

scene; it seemed a horrid dream, and one, too, she was anxious to forget. She could not remember it when she saw Mavor's unusually pleasant smile, which, indeed, exercised always a kind of fascination over her; she was obliged to put Jonas and the slaves from her mind whenever she met their masters, and after a time she was glad it was so, for it would have been a real pain to have had to meet Mr. Mavor every day if she had recollected all that she had heard against him.

Yet all could not be forgotten; a new light, or rather gloom, seemed cast upon the whole household, and all that was done or said therein; and the thought of Jonas would sometimes come back when Mavor Burgoyne or his father showed signs of dissatisfaction with any of the servants. Her ears, too, seemed to have been sharpened for disagreeable sounds she had before ignored, and sometimes she heard distant screams and cries to which she now possessed a painful key. One night she started from sleep, roused by a groan which seemed close to her ear. She listened, but all was still, and she was at last fain to persuade

herself that it was only a dream. Still the thought of Jonas haunted her that day; it was a week since his punishment had taken place—she had not seen him since near the house, and she determined to go down to the cabin in the wood-field and learn how he was. This was a bold resolution, nor was it taken all at once, but gradually framed itself as in the afternoon she was walking alone in the same path which Chauncey had taken to find Mavor on the day of the flogging. She hesitated, and doubted whether her going there might not be considered an impertinent intrusion in the affairs of the household, but at last she found herself at the gate of the field before her decision was made, and having gone so far, she went further, and entered the cabin.

It was one of the usual negro huts—perhaps not one of the least comfortable. Constance had seen it already, but at a time when she was too excited to remark its desolate condition; but its mud floor, unglazed windows, and lack of all furniture, save two old mattresses on the ground, struck her now with pain, when she recollected Letta's saying that Clara had

been a favourite of Mavor's, and had nursed him devotedly during a long and dangerous illness. The children were almost naked, and wretchedly thin, and as their light complexion and handsome features brought forcibly before her their parentage, Constance felt shocked to see them so little cared for, and asked their mother if they had no other clothing.

"No, no other;" but Clara said such small children as they were, often went without any. "Colonel Burgoyne is very good to his hands, and all the children here have clothes, at least in the winter."

"And you have plenty of blankets?" asked Constance, while a glance at the mattresses made her rather doubtful of the fact.

"Oh! yes; they had all they wanted. Colonel Burgoyne was a very good master," said Clara again; but the blind slave, whom Constance had seen in the hut when there before, and who had been listening attentively, with his head bent on one side, to the sound of Miss Annersly's voice, now suddenly broke in.

"You may speak free to the lady, Clara,

she won't tell mas'r of us and get us into trouble."

"Yes," said Constance, "I wish you would tell me exactly the truth."

"We dursn't always speak free," replied the old man — "not till we know who we's speaking to; but it's fearful cold here in winter, and there's no glass in the winders, and ——"

"Hush! hush! Will," interposed the woman, in much agitation; "you's always complainin'."

"She won't tell on us; I know it in her voice," said the old man in a half whisper, while Constance asked—

"You do not mind the hot weather, then, as much as the cold, I suppose?"

"I don't know; it's awful hot to work, and the fog is so heavy," he answered, "and then them 'squitoes, they worry me to death like a'most."

"Oh, it's dreadful for the little ones, the cold weather," said the woman; "they's so few clothes, and then the shoes is so bad, and wears out so easy, and their feet gets so cut with the frost, and then they's so hungry, and the hands don't get their

breakfast till it's so late, and if I ain't able to warm it for them, they has to eat it cold, the potatoes."

Constance listened with painful interest to these complaints, and to the further recital of sufferings, from cold and overwork, detailed by the poor woman, who wound up, nevertheless, by declaring that Colonel Burgoyne's niggers were well treated amongst others, and that he was a good master. Constance was glad to hear this, and yet her heart sank to think what must be the condition of slaves under overseers and owners acknowledged to be severe ; and she returned home very sadly, having previously learned that Jonas, though still very weak, had been summoned to his usual duties. She walked slowly back, taking the narrower paths of the shrubbery in order to avoid meeting any person; but as she reached the garden gate she came upon Chauncey. He evidently guessed where she had been, for he said —

"You found your *protégé*——"

"Jonas?" said Constance.

"Yes, you found him recovered sufficiently to go to work, Miss Annersly?"

"I found he had been sent to work — though not recovered," Constance was about to add, but she checked herself, feeling she should offend him, and as she stopped, he continued —

"A white man would have been ill for a month after such a whipping, but niggers get over it very quickly."

Constance had real difficulty in restraining the answer which was on her lips, but she succeeded in doing so; and she had occasion to practise her forbearance the next day again, when Mavor made some remark about a planter who half starved his slaves, and Chauncey said, evidently for her to hear,—

"The man's a fool as well as a brute to spoil his hands so; but as a rule they are well fed. It is absurd to suppose the contrary. It is for the master's interest they should be, and moreover they require less than white labourers do," and he glanced at Constance defyingly.

Constance was inclined to express dissent, but she did not. Scarcely a day passed now that, with her re-awakened sense, she was not painfully obliged to re-

cognise some of the cruelties of slavery, and often and often a condemnation of the whole system rose to her lips; but she maintained a resolute silence, and forbearance gradually became easier to her. It was true there was nothing so startling as the whipping of Jonas to arouse her feelings, and she tried not to listen when she heard cries from the overseer's quarters. She found that Mrs. Burgoyne had been much annoyed at hearing that she had been to Clara's cottage, and she resolved not to question the servants for the future as to their condition. She could not help them; it was possible she might even awaken them to a greater sense of their own hardships by injudicious sympathy, and why should she harass her own feelings, and incapacitate herself for fulfilling her duties in the family properly, by making inquiries which could lead to no good? Slavery was dreadful; she could never think otherwise; but she was powerless to mitigate the evil; and from what she could hear she was convinced that the Burgoyne family, as a whole,— even including Mavor — were kind-hearted and considerate mas-

ters. Her duty was plain, to instruct the children; she was not there to be a censor of their parents; in fact, it was infinitely better not to interfere where she could not do any good.

Thus she continued to reason with herself; and, as we have said, at first it was a hard business — but alas! and alas! the worst part was yet to come.

A change arose gradually in herself; never could she have believed, had it been prophesied to her, that *she* could alter on such a subject. In justice to her we must say the change was very gradual, but still her feelings did undergo a change; but could she have foreseen how soon she herself would begin to harden — to accept as inevitable, evils which a few months before she knew to be curable — how injustice and oppression, which at first had cruelly wounded her sense of right, now ceased to pain — she would have shrunk in horror at the deterioration of her own moral standard. She did not remember that if we are surrounded with evil without making any attempt to alleviate it — that if we make no protest against the wrong — gradually

our sense of right becomes lowered; we tolerate, we soon accept, and at last perhaps defend a wickedness from which formerly we should have shrunk with dismay.

"Laisser le crime en paix c'est s'en rendre complice."

And so it was with Constance. The good-humour, the urbanity, the outward charm, which was in all the Burgoyne family, attracted her strongly; there was a high-bred manner, which she told herself arose from their habit of command, which pleased her — an easy indifference as to small cares, which contrasted favourably with what she had observed in New England the preceding spring. They were truly specimens of the "chivalry of the South," which she had often heard spoken of in England, and about which they often spoke themselves, as distinguishing "the South" from "the North." Their treatment of her was like half guest, whole friend, never as a dependant, and Constance could scarcely recognise that she held the much-abused position of "the poor governess," so entirely did their cordial politeness veil the fact that she was

there in that doubtful position. Eleanor was almost a sister, and Mrs. Burgoyne's manners were so kind and flattering that they made her in good-humour with herself. She was scrupulously punctual and careful in fulfilling her own part of the engagement, and felt that she merited their approbation by her care and zeal. Colonel Burgoyne, always gentlemanly, behaved with fatherly kindness, mingled with delicate gallantry: Mavor, kind-hearted and good-mannered, was pleasantly familiar: and Chauncey was — well perhaps Chauncey's manner did not show her to be quite so much of a favourite with him; but still he paid marked attention whenever she spoke, and she felt sure she was on the high road to his good opinion also, and she did not conceal from herself that she considered this good opinion as of more worth than either of the others, for his approbation would not be lightly given; he was well-read, well-bred, had seen and travelled much, and she felt that he, more than all the rest, could appreciate character. And that he was so beginning to do she was convinced; but her self-satisfaction was

checked one day by over-hearing, as she sat at the window, Mavor say —

"And so you condemn her for that fault?"

"I do," replied Chauncey; "she is a thorough coward. All the Northerners are. I can see well she doesn't agree with us; she blames us in her heart, and she is nevertheless all smiles and acquiescence to our faces. I hate cowardice in man or woman."

"It is more excusable in a woman though," rejoined the kindly voice of Mavor.

"Not moral cowardice. Physical cowardice is of course excusable, but not moral," said Chauncey.

"Except that physical courage strengthens and supports moral courage, and in fact is often its real source," replied Mavor. "No, I dislike cowardice, but I can see some excuse for poor Miss Annersly; you could hardly expect any one to be brave against such a battery as we should all bring to bear upon her."

Constance felt her cheeks tingle with anger and shame as she listened to this

conversation. Mavor's good-natured defence gave her no satisfaction; the word "coward" stung her to the quick, and moreover she recognised it was partly true. She was hiding what she felt, and acting a degree of tolerance towards all they said of their institutions that was unworthy of herself and her principles. But still what was she to do? She could not mark her disapprobation of slavery without painfully annoying Mrs. Burgoyne, and probably irritating her husband and sons. This last she persuaded herself she did not care for, it was only a fear of distressing those whom she already loved that should sway her; but timidity grows with caution, and ere long she might have added fear of endangering her own position to her motives for silence. This fear was hardly a defined dread. She was not even yet aware of the jealous susceptibility of the South against any condemnation of its pet institution. She had not then heard of governesses dismissed from their situations for expressing a natural northern dislike of slavery, and did not realise that her showing an English feeling on the subject might

be the signal for her departure.* She was really at first more afraid of annoying Mrs. Burgoyne and her kind friend Eleanor, than of incurring the displeasure of the Colonel; but, as we have said, in moral questions caution too often ends in fear, and Constance had certainly begun to listen very patiently to all that was said of slavery before her.

Meantime Chauncey was eloquent in praise of Southern spirit and institutions, and Mavor, less patriotic and more practical, talked unreservedly before her of whipping and breaking in niggers. Once she had a strong impulse to turn round from her writing and catch his eye, to see if he would meet her look; but she hesitated a moment, dipped her pen again in the ink, and wrote on without looking up. She said to herself, "It would do no good for me to speak; perhaps only do the poor negroes harm," and so she tried to forget

* This, it must be remembered, was in 1858. The South was still then the chivalrous South — still willing to grant some apparent tolerance and indulgence for the "prejudices" of Englishmen and Northerners on the negro question.

the subject, and appease her conscience by improving the minds of her pupils, and trying to make them good masters and mistresses at some future time. And yet, withal, her conscience was not satisfied, and one day was rudely startled by meeting the following words, copied in her extract-book, in her own handwriting, only a year before.

"To the eye and ear, the loathsomest sounds and sights, if constantly presented, become in time less offensive, if not altogether indifferent. It is the same in morals. Let the inhabitant of a slave country retain as much as he may of the kindest feelings of humanity, his slumbers will scarcely be disturbed, at any rate his nerves will thrill with little of the horror that would be felt here at the sound of the lash on human bodies, or the scream of pain. Circumstances have impaired in him, I do not say his moral rectitude, but one blessed constitutional preservative of mankind from cruelty."

Constance closed the book impatiently, and then re-opened it, and read the passage many times over; it was true, too sadly true; she had recognised its justice when

she copied it out, but had never thought it could so painfully apply to herself. She had, indeed, become indifferent to the sufferings of the unfortunate, and it had impaired not only her sense of humanity, but her moral rectitude as well. She had been weak and cowardly to a pitiable extent, and not only she, but the Burgoyne family recognised this, and she saw accordingly they treated her with less consideration on this subject than formerly. Once they paid her the compliment of trying to present their peculiar institution before her in softer colours; now they considered her almost as one of themselves, and had no scruples in acknowledging their severe dealings with their servants. The subject of slavery was continually brought up, and they seemed disappointed that she did not help them to defend it. She saw they looked upon her as a proselyte in whom want of zeal was a crime, and silence a species of treason.

"Oh! why did I ever let it come to this?" she thought. "Why did I not assume the position of an Englishwoman at once, as I might have done? Then I could

have said I wished to avoid the question of slavery, and have been safe under the protection of my country's name. They would have tried to keep it all from me, and perhaps my being here might have done the poor slaves some good, and have saved them from ill-treatment; now I am helpless, no one respects me, and I cannot respect myself. Charles was right; I have been led astray by refined manners and kindness, if not by white hands and good dinners, as he said."

Such were Miss Annersly's very painful reflections. She had no friend from whom to seek advice now that her brother was no longer in England, and many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before she could hear from him. She had no counsellor to tell her what to do; whether she ought to irritate Mrs. Burgoyne, who had been so kind to her, by declaring herself an enemy to all their favourite theories and institutions, or to remain silent and be supposed an approving witness of all they said or did before her. She wanted some practical suggestions, and great indeed was her delight when a friend and adviser, as she hoped,

suddenly appeared in the person of Dr. Mayworth, who, chancing to travel through South Carolina, passed near Chestnut Brook, and remembering that he had formerly had a little patient there, thought her mother would be rather disposed to welcome him if he called in for an hour on his journey. Mrs. Burgoyne was enraptured at his coming; Georgy was not strong, and his arrival was a piece of unexpected good fortune, and Mrs. Burgoyne, ever hospitable, insisted on his staying two or three days with them.

Here was a friend to give Constance the advice she so much needed. She immediately determined to avail herself of it, and be guided entirely by his counsel. Fortune could not have sent her a better. "He was no hot-brained enthusiast like Edward Maxwell, but still his friend, and an enemy to slavery, and therefore his suggestions would be sound and moderate at the same time." She would not have been so anxious for his counsel had she known more of the good doctor's character, and the position he occupied in Maxwell's good books. Except in the one article of medicine, he hardly

possessed any opinions of his own, but adapted them to the views of those who for the moment had influence over him. He was a friend to Maxwell when he was with him, though he never went so far as to defend him from the charge of "enthusiast" when out of his company. In Philadelphia he belonged to an Anti-slavery Church Society, which was always addressing conciliatory messages to its Southern brethren; and at the South he was quite unprejudiced and prepared to swallow all he heard, and forget it again when once more under Maxwell's tuition. His counsel to Miss Annersly may therefore easily be inferred.

"You have done quite right, my dear; go on, you could not do better. Certainly it would not do to distress their feelings, and were you once to begin, we should probably see you in Philadelphia before a month. Well, I don't know, perhaps they are different from most Southern people. You think so, but as a rule they hate all interference in their affairs. Besides, your duty is not to preach abolition, like Edward, but to teach the children, and you

can do that without saying a word about slavery. I'm tired of the subject, Edward's always at it. I believe he will bring your pretty Miss Morton over to his views by dint of perpetually harping on the same string. Now, my dear Miss Annersly, I have told you my opinion. Keep on as you are, you cannot do better; and here is Mrs. Mavor coming towards us. What a handsome creature she is! Fanny was quite right."

"Oh! and she has been so kind to me," said Constance, "always seeming to remember she was the cause of my coming—and making me her *pet*, as it were," she added, laughing at the word, for Eleanor was four years her junior, and was entirely free from any patronising affectation towards the governess. She now joined Constance, as Colonel Burgoyne drew away the doctor, and linking her arm in hers, led her off to the house.

CHAPTER X.

"Mrs. Burgoyne says you must breakfast and dine with us while Dr. Mayworth is here," said Eleanor, as she and Constance left the doctor's hearing; "and to-morrow there is a scheme afloat in which you must take part, for we are engaged at Colonel Benson's. Chauncey is to drive Dr. Mayworth over to the Creek, and you and Eustace go too to make conversation. Do you like the idea? You will like the ride, I think."

"Oh! I shall enjoy it very much," answered Constance, who, still believing the doctor to be a staunch abolitionist, anticipated hearing a conversation between him and Chauncey, much as Mr. Ellsland would have anticipated seeing a fight between two well-matched game cocks. She was moreover desirous of seeing the Creek, of which she had heard a good deal, as it was a favourite subject of conversation; Chauncey

being very proud of the improvements he had made in the grounds, and Mavor insisting that the only improvement worth making would have been to pull down the old house and construct a new one. She had also a wish to see his negroes, who were reported so spoilt with good usage, and his overseer, who managed to work them with but a trifling amount of whipping. Probably these last were the real objects of interest that Dr. Mayworth was to see, for Colonel Burgoyne was very anxious to let him take away a favourable idea of Southern institutions. He was walked round the plantation that morning, and shown a picked gang of men at work, all talking merrily and loudly, and at the same time proceeding rapidly with their labour, or standing quietly resting when at the end of their row; and as he did not know that they had had a treat of a half glass of rum each in honour of his arrival, and that Mr. Henning had told them to show themselves brisk smart boys to the gentleman if they did not want to be skinned, he thought them a fine set of hands, and as cheerful and ready with their work as any free

white labourers up North. He was shown the granary where their provisions were kept, and a woman, who he was told cooked for the hands, that their food might be ready for them when they left off work, without hearing further that that food was (when not unground corn) only sweet potatoes, served up cold even to the children, and not given to anyone before ten o'clock, a late hour for breakfast for working men and women. He commended the care and kindness of the overseer, and went on to see the infirmary, where, he was told, those who were ill were brought, though, except in times of fever or serious accidents, it was not often any slave was allowed to be ill at Chestnut Brook; and he especially admired Sally's cabin, where the little semi-orphaned children of Letta and two other servants were kept when, as he was told, their mothers were too busy to attend to them properly. The doctor, having no power or inclination to disprove all these facts, returned from his walk highly pleased with all he had seen, and acknowledged to Mrs. Burgoyne that Southern institutions were much maligned at the North.

"I am glad you recognise that, sir," said the Colonel, "we are shamefully traduced, I know. One or two brutal fellows, not fit to hold niggers, are allowed to stand as the representatives of all the Southern aristocracy. Of course such rascals are not fit to be trusted with niggers, or cattle either; but the negroes of gentlemen are as well treated, or better than your free labourers."

"But such fellows as you speak of, are they many?" asked Dr. Mayworth.

"Oh! fortunately but very few, and they die out year by year; they will soon be extinct."

"Indeed! that is well. They say at the North that they were increasing, and that the tendency of slaveholding institutions was to make men like them; but of course I don't believe half what I hear."

"You must judge for yourself," replied Colonel Burgoyne, laughing. "My father owned niggers all his life, and his father and grandfather. I don't think mine are worse off than theirs in any respect."

"Besides, it stands to reason that their condition must improve as education and gentlemanly feeling extend among their

owners," said Mavor. "Slave-holding institutions are confessedly productive of a higher tone of feeling and a greater spirit of chivalry than any other. Look at the North! Look at America! Where, except the men of science (and their education is not American, but cosmopolitan), where will you find the American gentleman? Only at the South. All the rest are vulgar, money-making *parvenus*, betraying the shop and trade of their fathers by every word they utter. No; the American *gentleman*, who is welcomed as such in Europe by people and princes alike, is, you will find, always the Southerner."

"And we are the only class, as a class, who can sympathise with the liberal movements in Europe," added Mrs. Burgoyne; "who can appreciate such men as Kossuth and his heroes. You know, of course, that Ingraham, the brave American who defied Austria in defence of the unfortunate exile, was a slaveholder. A Northerner would not have done it."

"I shall certainly go back home with very different notions about the South to those I once entertained," said the Doctor.

"Oh! if you stayed here a few weeks, you would see how grossly misinformed they all are at the North," said his host. "Even your friend, Miss Annersly, who came here a furious abolitionist, has learnt that there may be worse things in the world than a kind master, with his well-fed and contented servants about him."

Constance had been listening to this conversation with mixed feelings of sorrow and dismay. She had fondly hoped that the Doctor would have enunciated some anti-slavery sentiment, have sustained the cause of the oppressed, and (what *she* no longer felt the courage to do) shown the Burgoynes that their arguments were not all incontrovertible. Her heart grew sad as she heard him quietly acquiesce in all their assertions, and she again, for the fiftieth time, repented her own weakness; but when Colonel Burgoyne appealed to her as a witness in favour of his own opinions, taking it for granted she would agree with him, her own natural spirit was roused, and, forgetful of consequences, she said —

"Oh! no, no, sir, I never acknowledged it;" but as all eyes turned upon her, her

courage quailed, and she wished she had not spoken. She would not go back, nevertheless; the right was on her side, and she resolved manfully to expiate her past mistakes by a truthful declaration; and though her voice faltered, and the colour deepened on her cheeks, she continued: "I have not said anything on the subject, because I thought a stranger could not judge impartially of the difficulty of the question; but I do still hold my opinion, that the system of slavery is a most unfortunate, a most cruel system, and one, I hope, that may soon be done away with;" and, almost gasping for breath, she stopped, feeling she had said enough, or too much. There was an utter silence when she finished, but every one looked angry and surprised; indeed, her evident agitation had not disarmed their resentment, for it betrayed how completely it was an effort of conscience that made her speak. Mrs. Burgoyne and the Doctor looked distressed and alarmed, Mavor's dark eyes flashed fire, and his father with difficulty repressed an angry rejoinder. Chauncey alone seemed to appreciate the moral effort which induced her to speak. His eye kindled with

a kind of sympathy as he said, in a tone of half amusement,—

"Well, you are worthy to be a Southerner, Miss Annersly, for your spirit in defying us all; but you have not been long enough here to judge us fairly, as you yourself admit. I shall be happy to discuss the question with you at some convenient time, but for the present let us leave it. I am going to show Dr. Mayworth the view from the hill, and ask him some questions about Philadelphia; perhaps you will like to accompany us? If so, will you show him the way through the shrubbery, and I will come after you with the telescope?"

He opened the glass-door as he spoke, and Constance gladly escaped, followed by the Doctor, who was rather surprised at what he considered a want of tact in his young friend. Chauncey, meanwhile, began fitting the glasses of the telescope together, while, as soon as Miss Annersly was gone, the Colonel exclaimed to his wife —

"Oh! my dear, I can't have this, you know. If she is to put this nonsense into the children's heads *I* don't want her."

"She's a tiresome little stupid," said

Mavor. "Once got on this tack, she'll keep on it, and I fear she'll have to go."

"Oh! no, not for that, by no means; she is so kind to the children! I cannot do without her, indeed," said Mrs. Burgoyne, eagerly, and Chauncey immediately seconded her objections.

"Oh! she will soon learn to think differently, and even if she does not, her feeble opposition, were she ever so great an abolitionist, can do us no harm; and she is the best governess mamma has ever had."

"Mavor, dear, she must stay," said Eleanor, drawing him away, while Eustace pursued his father into his study to convince him of the necessity of overlooking Miss Annersly's fault; and Mrs. Burgoyne turned to her son, saying —

"Chauncey, Constance really must stay. I have not the health to look after those children myself now, and she is the first governess who has succeeded with them; and poor Georgy is so fond of her."

"I think we ought to keep her, on your account, mother," replied Chauncey, affectionately; "and I should be sorry for her to be banished for that one little burst

of courage. I do like to see spirit for conscience sake, and I think better of Miss Annersly for coming out with that unfortunate sentiment; but I will give her some sound advice, and I think we can manage to keep her."

"I know you do not like her much, Chauncey."

"Who? I like her? I do like her, and should have done more, but I have been so painfully conscious that she was acting a part by keeping so still, that, for my part, I like her all the better for showing her true feelings. It is really very brave of her to beard us all in that manner," he added, laughing; "but I will speak a warning word to her, nevertheless;" and, taking his hat, he set out to join the Doctor and Constance.

He could not at first find an opportunity for giving the good counsel he meditated, and Constance was looking so happy and animated while talking of her Philadelphian friends, that to give her a lecture did not seem so easy as he had at first anticipated; and, in fact, he forgot to do so until, as they returned to the house, the conver-

sation that had occurred before they left it came back to his recollection, and with it the necessity of giving some words of warning: so he began abruptly—

"My dear Miss Annersly, I hope you will not feel it an impertinence for me to offer you some advice. I now understand your reluctance to speak of a question on which you do not sympathise with us. I understand it, and I admire it; but, if you can listen with patience to a few words from a slave-owner, I must warn you that others would find it more difficult to accept such a free expression of your opinion. I hope you will not quarrel with us; for my part, it will give me great pleasure to discuss the question with you, for I know *we* are right; but other people are not of my opinion about discussion, and it will perhaps be better not to speak so freely before persons generally; that is, some persons have an objection, you know, to hearing our institutions blamed."

Chauncey certainly did not express himself with the eloquence that might have been expected from the second Calhoun.

"But I do not wish any one to suppose

that I do approve the institutions," Constance began.

Chauncey felt it was rather inconsistent with his former animadversions upon Constance for her want of courage to be now counselling her to practise discretion again; but, consistent or not, he felt he must do it. He knew the temper of his father and Mavor, and before he left Miss Annersly he made her fully understand that she must not say another word upon the unfortunate subject except to himself, and poor Constance found that her good resolutions to be brave and true were remorselessly nipped in the bud.

She resolved, however, to make good use of the liberty of speech left her, and if Mr. Chauncey really would argue, and argue fairly, some impression, she thought, might possibly be made upon him; but as she entered the drawing-room a copy of the celebrated pamphlet, on the desirability of re-opening the slave-trade, met her eye, and she felt her hopes of success in that quarter considerably damped. She was, however, very glad that she had found courage to speak her true thoughts, and

reflected that, even if she were obliged to be always silent on the subject, she should now escape hearing some of its praises, and was in some degree a witness against it.

Chauncey told his father that he had cautioned Miss Annersly against any unwise repetition of her offence, and he thought her friend, Dr. Mayworth, was about to do the same; and represented to Colonel Burgoyne her value as a companion for his mother, and the necessity of overlooking her unfortunate prejudices. He succeeded in making all smooth again, to his mother's great joy, and promised himself much pleasure in convincing the young Englishwoman of her mistake. He flattered himself that the excursion to the Creek would open Miss Annersly's mind, for he knew his own negroes were well fed and sleek, and if questioned by her, as he suspected they might be, would one and all join in blessing him, and eulogising his overseer. If they did so, the overseer deserved it; he was a humane man, and, indeed, found his occupation a most uncongenial one; and Chauncey's slaves were far better off than those on his father's plantation, who, in

their turn, were considered blessed by the negroes of Mr. Ellsland and Judge Benson.

Chauncey praised his overseer to Dr. Mayworth the next morning, during a hasty breakfast, before their departure for West Creek.

"He is really a most sensible man, and I feel I may trust the well-being of the hands entirely to him. He dislikes punishment for itself; and long ago I made a salutary law on that head, that no severe castigation should be given without referring the case to me two days after the offence, by which time any natural irritation may have subsided, and we can judge the fault impartially."

"Capital! most excellent and humane!" said Dr. Mayworth, while Constance listened curiously, not knowing whether she was to believe this or not, when she remembered Chauncey's expressions concerning the slave-trade and the abolitionists.

"Miss Annersly," said the Doctor, suddenly turning to her, "your brother has gone to Africa, I hear, and I suppose he will be able to bring us some accounts of the niggers in their natural state?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mavor, for Constance only replied by an affirmative sign, not wishing to continue the subject. "He will see the poor devils in their primitive ignorance and barbarism, and will recognise the improvement that has been made in their condition and intelligence here."

"Yes, the poor half-naked savage of Africa is now well clothed and comfortably housed, and taught a useful trade," said Mrs. Burgoyne; "and, moreover, which is the greatest blessing for him, he is admitted to the consolations of religion. Instead of being sunk in the grossest idolatry and superstition, he is now a Christian, and may become a child of grace."

"It is to me a very great pleasure to remember that we, as a nation, have been instrumental in teaching the precious truths of Christianity to so many poor creatures who must have otherwise perished in darkness," said Mrs. Mavor to her husband.

"Ah! your nigger catechisms are a mistake; take my word for it, sister, they will lead to no good," said Chauncey, as he followed the Doctor to the carriage, where Eustace and Constance were already seated.

As they drove off Eustace remarked, "I like the new horse Mavor has bought, but he is nothing to your Firefly, Chauncey; what did you give for him?"

"Less than he was worth, I think now, though I thought it a good price then," replied his brother; "and that brown colt will be a fine creature when he is fit to ride."

"Yes, but Jone cannot break him in at all, Mavor must do it. He can manage any horse, though Jone has a gift that way also."

"The old rule, 'Do it yourself if you want it done,'" said Dr. Mayworth; "it applies in full force to the servants down here, I suppose, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Indeed it does, and to an extent you can have no idea of," said Chauncey. "Nothing can be trusted to them, they will do nothing, not even exert the little reason they have (except under a fear of their masters), and require looking after like children. You would hardly credit it, but if they have a wound or an injury, we have to see that they are properly attended to; they will not look to it."

"But they are not all so stupid," said Constance, who had grown bold since her conversation with him the previous evening; "and besides, Mr. Chauncey, you would hardly wish to find very intelligent ones. You prefer them stupid, do not you? Did not your brother say, the other day, that Hargrave, the new coachman, was so bright that he would be worth a hundred dollars more if he were less so?"

"That's also because he's so white he may run away," said Eustace, inadvertently; and then, seeing from his brother's eye that he had made a mistake, he added, hastily, "but bright niggers are always a nuisance, and bad servants."

"I wonder why," said Constance to herself, "they call their slaves *servants* almost invariably? It seems a consciousness on their part that *slavery* is wrong," and she replied to Eustace, saying —

"They make bad *slaves*, I dare say, but they might be very good free servants, and would use their intelligence for their own and their employer's advantage."

Eustace looked outraged, but Chauncey's evident attention encouraged Constance to

go on; but the Doctor, afraid that she would compromise herself again, hastily changed the conversation by saying, as the Southern gentleman lighted his cigar,—

"Ah! you smoke. Of course—certainly; but it's very bad for the health, you know."

Chauncey exchanged a smile with Miss Annersly, for she had been present when Mavor had laid a wager that his mother would get them all under Dr. Mayworth's regimen, if he only stayed there three days.

"Very bad, I suppose, according to your system of medicine; but it suits me exactly."

"It's a shocking habit, permit me to say, a shocking habit," said the Doctor, who could be bold enough when medicine, and not a political question, was at stake. "I know *every one* smokes down South, but that does not alter it; it's bad. Miss Annersly, don't you agree with me that it's an objectionable habit?"

"I am quite used to it," answered Constance, and, not choosing to join in this conversation, she turned to Eustace. The Doctor argued some time about tobacco, and then went on to wine and spirits.

"Oh! I give up the point," said Chaun-

cey, laughing. "I have not indulged in them for a long time. My temper is too savage to risk their influence. Now, Miss Annersly, here is the most beautiful view for thirty miles round; I must demand all your attention for it."

They stopped the carriage to enjoy the wide-stretching prospect for a few moments before plunging into a dense pine forest whose thick stems shut out the distant country from them. There was nothing, however, to prevent the eye from penetrating amongst the trees far into the gloomy recesses of the wood, for no bushes and no lower timber grew beneath the dark foliage. A fire had swept through the woods the year before and burned everything but the solid pines themselves. Many a tall, black, and charred stem, bare of leaves and branches, remained as mournful mementoes of the destructive fire, and Chauncey said that during the winter the road had not been without its perils, from the sudden fall of these half-burned giants across the path.

"You have been in Europe, Mr. Burgoyne?" said the Doctor, when they were

once more in motion. "You were in Italy, I suppose?"

"Yes, I was there nearly six months. It is not much longer since I returned."

"Six months!—that is a long time. Why, it would satisfy even an Englishman. Well, they are right to laugh at us for the hasty strides we make from country to country; seeing all Europe in four months, as I have known a lawyer do who was worn out with study, and whom I advised to seek relaxation and rest; or an invalid travelling for change of air. Ah! we can't afford to lose time, we can't; but it's very bad for the health, all this scampering and racing from place to place, as if a man had the seven-leagued boots of the fairies on his feet all the time."

"I met several gentlemen from New York performing the same hurried tour," answered Chauncey; "but I received some valuable advice at the outset from one of your countrymen, Miss Annersly, who strongly counselled me to confine my attention to one or two countries, and I chose Italy and England."

"Why did you not stay longer? I

thought you went for a year?" asked Miss Annersly.

"I thought of doing so, but I found the love of home very strong," answered Chauncey, and Constance fancied he sighed; but he went on to talk of Italy with her and Dr. Mayworth, whose recollection of his travels was not very distinct, for he had been one himself who had made the rapid tour; and the conversation was at last carried on between Miss Annersly and Chauncey, while the Doctor and Eustace were asking and guessing riddles across them, until they had finished their journey.

CHAPTER XI.

The West Creek plantation was fifteen miles from Chestnut Brook, and was surrounded by fine timber, through which the carriage rolled to the gate of the avenue, at the far end of which was the house. It was very old, having been erected when that part of the country was first settled, and was overgrown with creeping plants and various coloured mosses. In some places a few stones had sunk, but a careful hand had stayed this decay, and, while respectfully leaving the old pile as venerable as before, had strengthened and prepared it to last yet another century. Chauncey stopped the carriage before they reached the door, that they might view the house from the best position.

Dr. Mayworth remarked, "It is very curious, certainly. Very old."

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed Constance; but after looking at it for a minute,

she felt her eyes fill with tears, and was obliged to turn away. "It reminds me so much of home," she said in a low tone to Eustace, who looked an anxious inquiry.

"Did you live in a house as old as that?"

"Yes; and it looks so like England. It seems like being there again."

Chauncey smiled, more pleased by this tribute to his good taste in keeping the house than by all the praise which the Doctor and Constance together now lavished on the laying out of the grounds; for these were generally allowed to be well done—every one assured him of that; but his old building was the special dislike of Mavor, and regarded as a useless source of expense by his father. Nobody approved of it except Miss Annersly, and her praise was all the more gratifying as she evidently wished to conceal rather than display it to him; and, with increased regard for her good sense, he did the honours of his garden to her and her companion.

After walking for some time, he proposed to take the Doctor to see the plantation; but observing that Constance looked tired, he said at the same time—

"Miss Annersly, you will doubtless prefer to rest in the house. Eustace will be my representative there, and will show you the library, of which I am rather proud. Eustace, lad, you'll take care of Miss Annersly, and order Sarah to be in waiting on her;" and as Constance gladly accepted the offer, she soon found herself in the house, where she was received by an elderly mulatto woman, who, Eustace on the way had told her, had been once Chauncey's and Mavor's nurse, and was now the housekeeper at West Creek.

"You would like to see the library, miss; it's a beau'ful room, and mas'r never had nothing done to it; kep' it just as it was. This way—mind the step, miss. They've let the floor down 'cause it was too low, and mas'r wouldn't have the ceilin' touched for no account, miss."

"Well, old woman, you get us something for lunch while we look at the room," said Eustace. "We don't want you;" and old Sarah, with a respectful curtsey, left them.

"Fine room, isn't it, Miss Annersly?" said the boy, who, duly impressed with the responsibility of showing off the house, as-

sumed an extra importance accordingly. "Chauncey lowered the floor to get a little height in the room to look at the carved ceiling; and it's a noble room I think myself."

It is always an interesting thing to enter a library and infer the character and tastes of the collector by the names on the shelves, and when the owner is already an acquaintance it becomes doubly so, as one's own previous estimate of his talents and bent of mind is confirmed or changed by this view into the secrets of his solitary hours. Constance knew what she expected to find, and she found them. Theology and philosophy had a large share of space. Poetry was fairly represented; the law, perhaps, too abundantly, considering its general unattractiveness, and the physical sciences were scantily provided in comparison with the others. There was a pretty fair proportion of history and fiction; and several well-chosen pictures and statuettes showed the owner's accurate taste in the fine arts. Eustace, finding the inspection of the books rather a dull occupation, left Constance to continue it by herself, and when she was

tired of it, she was obliged to pilot her way alone to the drawing-room, where the luncheon was to be prepared.

She found her way into a drawing-room, but no lunch was on the table, so she sat down in an easy-chair to wait till the others should come in. The room was elegantly furnished, but it had an uninhabited look; yet newspapers and pamphlets on the table seemed to speak of recent occupants. She took up one of the journals, and started to find that it was of a date nearly eighteen months back, and a thrill of awe came over her as she saw that this room must have been religiously kept in the same order in which its former occupant left it for death. That it was the usual sitting-room of the young girl of whom Letta had told her, there was no doubt, for a workbasket, with needles and cotton in it, stood by the writing materials, and another look round showed her a picture covered with a green curtain on the wall. Constance felt some little hesitation about uncovering the picture; it had never been intended that she should enter the room, and perhaps she was carrying her curiosity too far; but curiosity prevailed,

nevertheless, and she drew the curtain, and found a crayon drawing of a female face, lovely, indeed, in every sense of the word —faultless features, sweet expression, and withal intellectual and spirited.

"But she is quite white," said Constance, drawing a long breath as she descended from the chair she had climbed to remove the curtain. A slight noise made her turn and see old Sarah, who stood in the doorway. Constance felt somewhat guilty, but told her to come in and shut the door, and then asked, "How long has she been dead?"

"Near a year and a half, miss. The day she took ill is marked in that 'ere writin'-book there on the table. We keep the room as she left it; mas'r wishes it so."

"Just before he went to Europe, then?" said Constance, feeling a strong interest in the history of the young quadroon while looking at her portrait.

The old woman was not sorry to answer her questions; for it was something new to have any one to talk to about Helen, and she improved her opportunity.

"She was in a 'cline, ma'm, and would

not get well; but he never would believe she was a-goin' to die, though the doctors said she would. He fretted about her as if she had been a white lady, just."

"When did she first come here? Is it long since?"

"Oh, yes, four years or more, when he first came back from the North. Mas'r stopped, I believe, at the house of Miss Helen's father, and saw her, and when the old gen'leman died, it was found Miss Helen was to be sold, and he brought her down here. He was very kind, and set great store by her. She was a Roman Catholic, for her pa was from Orleans, and she wanted to have a priest of her religion to see her, and mas'r sent for one just for her, and did everything to make her comf'able like, and he never cared for any one else all the time, nor since she died, not once. Mr. Mavor and he used to quarrel round dreadful about her, poor thing, for he never would treat her even civil, and mas'r never liked him to see her. He did set great store by her, to be sure."

"It is a pity he did not free her," said Constance; and the old woman laughed,

just as Letta had done before at the same remark.

"Oh, Lord! ma'm, it's never done. I believe it's onpossible. I never heard tell of any gen'leman doing it—no, never. Ah, poor thing! I thought it was sad to see her lyin' there so young and so pretty; she weren't nineteen when she died, and he takin' on so sadly. But I've thought since it was better and happier for her—better to die so pretty and happy, nor to live on and grow ugly, and be sold to some other gen'leman."

"Oh! but it would not have been so; you say he loved her so well. He never would have sold her."

"I don't know, ma'm; the love doesn't last. It never does. They love while the pretty looks last, and then they see a white lady they like, or, maybe, another girl to buy, and they forget all the old feelins. A gen'leman wants to marry naturally. He wants a lady to keep his house. He can't show such as her up at table. He can't show the children, if there be any, to his friends. He can't ask ladies to the house. There's no one to make him feel

fond of the girl but herself, and so, when she gets a little older, or they see a prettier, it's all over; and if they want money, she's sold. Oh, lor! ma'm, it's better for poor Miss Helen to die when she did. And, now, ma'm, if you'll come out, I'll just lock the door, for it's never left open, only I was a-cleanin' the room when the carriage come up, and so forgot it. The grave's in the garden, ma'm."

"Have you always been a servant here?" asked Constance, as she followed the housekeeper into the room where the luncheon was set. She was struck with the manner of the old woman and her style of talking, which was very different from that of the servants at Chestnut Brook.

"Here and at the ole' place, ma'm; but I wasn't born a servant. My mother and father was both free when I were born, and I grew up to be free, too; but somehow they got me, and said I was to be sold to ole Mr. Burgoyne, the Colonel's pa, that is. He was a fine ole gen'leman, he was, indeed. There are few like him now-a-days."

"What! not the Colonel? Is he not as good as his father, and his sons too?"

"La, sakes! ma'm, not a bit. Mr. Chauncey is very kind, but ole Mr. Burgoyne he was a gen'leman indeed, and so were his friends, real grand folk; but there are no such now. Laws a me! ma'm, why, when I think of the gen'lemen as used to come to Chesn't Brook when I went there, and that's fifty year ago, and them as I used to see drive past our door when I was a girl, and I see the folk as comes to dine with mas'r here sometimes, I think there are no real gen'lemen left in South Carliny. Such a change from the ole time! They used to be so grand, so dressed, and talk as if they were in Congress, they did; and now it's swearin' and cussin' every time they open their mouths, and dressed anyhow,—and drinkin'. Oh! certain, it's a change. However, I was well treated at Chesn't Brook till ole mas'r died; and then that Miss Mary, how she did whip and scold, to be sure! and get her brother to whip too till he married, and then times were better, at least for me. Mrs. Burgoyne, she was a sweet young lady, from the North she was, and very kind and gentle to the servants at first." Sarah

stopped, as if she suddenly recollected she was treading on dangerous ground, and then continued: "I helped her take care of Mas'r Chauncey; he was a poor weak child, and always ailing; and when he came here, after Mas'r Herbert Chauncey's death, his uncle that was, he had me come to keep care of things, and he has been a good mas'r, he has. Won't you eat a bit, ma'm?"

Constance tried to do so, but she had no appetite, and as Eustace was not there, she went into the garden to find him. She did not see him, and as she had been already shown the pleasure-grounds, she soon wandered down a long narrow path among the trees. It stopped at a high hedge of shrubs, carefully trained and kept in order, which enclosed and sheltered a smooth space of green turf, where a small white tombstone and a young China tree marked a solitary grave. There was no name on the stone, only the date of the past year and the initial H., and a weeping angel in bas-relief on the front.

"And this was all he could give her after loving her for three years," thought Constance. "He was not able to protect her

from the insults of his brother, nor give her even a name on her grave. It is, indeed, a cruel institution to prevent a good-hearted man from treating her fairly and honourably when he loved her. Poor girl! 'better dead than alive,' and that to be the end of so much love!"

While she stood leaning on the rail that encircled the grave, she heard voices near her, and distinguished that of the young master talking, as she guessed, with his overseer. They were in a lower walk, and every word was distinctly audible to her.

"And how about Duke, Mr. Bland? Does your system of kindness succeed any better with him than punishment did?"

"No, sir, it does not; he is as sulky as ever, and I must whip him again, and severely. I thought I could have come over him by kindness, but it's no use, I guess."

"And you think a severe whipping may do him good?"

"No, sir, I don't expect it; nothing will, I fear. He's grown real sulky since you couldn't buy his wife for him."

"I won't have him whipped then, if it's

to do no good. Suppose he is tied up and threatened with the cowhide, and then begged off. I've brought a lady here to-day, and I will bring her near at the right moment, and she will be sure to beg him off. Won't that do, Mr. Bland?"

"I think not, sir. I believe, Mr. Burgoyne, you have confidence in my humanity," replied the overseer in a tone which betrayed a slight sense of injury. "You are aware I dislike whipping as much as yourself, sir, but if I am to manage the hands I must have due authority, and Duke has defied me, and there will soon be no making anyone obey if he goes unwhipped."

"I quite trust your humanity, Mr. Bland. I believe it is greater than my own, in fact, and I've full confidence in your judgment; but Duke was rather a favourite of mine," said Chauncey, and his voice sounded less firm than before. "However, if you think it won't do to beg him off, he shall be whipped."

"It won't indeed, sir; my good woman begged him off once; and you may remember you let Mrs. Mavor Burgoyne do so too a while since, when she came over

to see the house. I'd let him off, for he'll be none the better for it, but for the sake of the others I must not."

"Very well, only wait till we are gone, that the lady and gentleman may not be distressed by hearing him," and Chauncey walked off.

Constance had listened to the conversation in breathless interest. She well understood that no ordinary castigation was in question; a hundred lashes, every one tearing through the naked skin, was the least the culprit could expect. She wished Chauncey would come and take her to the overseer to intercede for him, and for a moment resolved to go to the doctor and make him of some use, but another speaker, and a woman, was now near her; she heard her say—

"Well, Stephen, did Mr. Burgoyne say you were to flog him?"

"Yes; he came under when I showed it had to be. I guess he was thinking of Miss Helen and the long rides he used to take with her, and Duke following, and he was mighty uneasy to have him whipped, for she liked the boy. I saw how unwilling

he was, just as when he had to send the brown mare to Chestnut Brook for Miss Lucy to ride, because *she* had rode it a time or two when Cherry was lame, and I kind of feared he'd have forbidden me to flog the boy, which has got to be."

"Then when is it to be? Oh, how sorry I am for you, Stephen!" said the woman, in tones of sad and sincere sympathy.

"Yes, I'll have to do it this evening. I don't like it, Mary. I'll have to give it up, I guess, after all, though I promised Mr. Burgoyne I'd stay with him another year; but it grows worse and worse to me, this cutting up and slashing of the poor wretches, and their shrieks go right through me. I wish I was back again at the North, for I'm afeared I'll get casehardened to it at last. Mr. Burgoyne is getting so, I can see. He's not as tender-hearted as when he'd just come down from the North."

"Heaven help you, Stephen! I don't think you will; it's not in your heart. But come home, dinner's ready."

The voices ceased, and Constance retraced her steps towards the house in a saddened mood, pitying alternately the

slave, the overseer, and the master, and lamenting the system which necessitated such cruelty even among the naturally humane and benevolent; when before she had gone a hundred yards Chauncey met her. He must have guessed that she came from the grave, but though evidently vexed to have encountered her, he politely accompanied her back to the house. As they paused to admire the vigorous growth of a young sycamore but recently planted, she observed an intelligent-looking mulatto man standing watching them with evident interest, and a painful presentiment had told her that this was poor Duke even before Chauncey noticed and addressed him.

"I'm sorry to hear that you've been again troublesome, Duke. Mr. Bland will have to give you a good whipping, and I hope it will be the last time I hear of your idleness."

"I won't work, mas'r; he may kill me, but I won't do it," replied the man sullenly.

"You won't!" exclaimed his master, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke; but nevertheless, controlling his passion, he strode forward in silence, and after a moment had

so far succeeded in recovering himself as to answer calmly and quietly the indignant Eustace, who, springing from behind the magnolia clump where he had been screened from view, exclaimed,

"The impudent, blasphemous rascal! Why don't you tie him up at once, Chauncey? I'd flog him to within an inch of his life, this very hour, I would."

"And make him useless for work if you did," replied his brother, coolly. "That would be an expensive pleasure, and one I never indulge in. Come in to dinner, Eustace. The boy is to be whipped, if he perseveres in his sulks, so you need not waste your indignation."

The dinner was well served and well cooked, though the viands were simply such as the estate and poultry yard could furnish at an hour's warning; but Dr. Mayworth was in excellent spirits, and did ample justice to it. Chauncey, in doing the honours of his own table, seemed to have forgotten all his late taciturnity and preoccupation of mind. He was unusually animated, and played the host *con amore*. Once or twice when the Doctor, after ab-

sorbing the conversation to himself with some apparently interminable anecdote or illustration, made a sudden pull up, and the flow of talk ceased for a moment, Constance saw that Chauncey was an inattentive listener, and she noticed an expression of sadness in his face which she had no difficulty in accounting for, while calling to mind old Sarah's narrative. Her pleasure was entirely spoiled by thinking of Duke; and at last, while Eustace and the Doctor were talking together about the possibility of converting the schoolroom at Chestnut Brook into a laboratory, she attempted to say a word in the slave's favour to Chauncey. She found it difficult to broach the subject, as she had no wish to betray the fact of her having overheard the overseer's interview with his employer; but when she began, as she thought, very circumspectly, by saying,—

"Do you mean to punish the gardener as Eustace wants, or will you not let him off to-day?" he gave her a look which sufficiently implied that he understood the whole drift of her question, and answered,—

"He is punished, as I think you know,

for a former offence, and will have it severely, as he deserves."

"Just like him to say that," thought Constance, "and for the sake of opposition, to make himself out even less humane than he really is." She felt very angry with Chauncey, all the more when she remembered that he had proposed to use her as an unconscious tool to promote his own humane designs. She saw that he remembered this also, for he coloured a little confusedly, and began speaking of oxides and alkalies with the Doctor, and she knew that, being but indifferently well-informed on matters of chemistry or physical science, he could take but little interest in them, and only offered to assist his brother in forming the laboratory from a desire to change a disagreeable conversation with her. He was merry and lively enough nevertheless during the dessert, over which they lingered an hour, till the carriage was announced, and they left the house.

But as they passed the gate, Constance saw among the servants, who ran to open it eagerly, Duke, standing sullen and gloomy, and refusing to join in the general

cry of—"God speed mas'r and his friends," and the sight of him brought a shade to her countenance, which was immediately noticed by Chauncey, who said in a low tone, and bending forward that it might reach her alone,—

"Miss Annersly, I am as sorry for it as you can be. But what is to be done? You heard what my overseer says—kindness is lost upon him. What resource have I but whipping?"

"None," Constance was forced to confess.

"Then, being a necessity," he replied, "we should cease to grieve about it."

"Pardon me, but it is only a necessity because he is a slave. If he were a free labourer—that is, if you could employ free labour, you would punish an idle workman by discharging him from your employ and taking another."

"Yes, if I could find another. But what except the fear of punishment would make these niggers work, do you think?"

"That which makes men work in the free States, I suppose—the necessity of providing for their wives and families."

Chauncey shook his head. "It would

be insufficient. They have not energy enough."

"Have you ever given them a trial?" rejoined Constance, and a long argument ensued; for Chauncey seemed very ready to listen and contest the point fairly—perhaps liking the novelty of discussing the much-vexed question with a young and very nice-looking lady, instead of invisible editors or temporising politicians. She was sincere, however absurd he thought her, and as such he found a certain charm in her, and continued the conversation until Dr. Mayworth, whose knowledge of human nature in general did not extend to Chauncey in particular, dreading lest his young friend should damage herself irrevocably in the estimation of the young slave-holder, forcibly changed the subject, and obliged Constance to point out and name the various trees and shrubs by which they passed for his edification.

The Doctor left the next day, but before going he took Miss Annersly aside, and begged her forgiveness if he were about to offer her a few words of advice, which she immediately declared herself most happy to receive.

"Well then, my dear, it's short enough. You must not talk upon this slavery business. It will ruin you, and you have no moral necessity to make yourself the champion of all the niggers you meet. Don't say a word more on the subject."

"To the rest of the family I will not; but Mr. Chauncey seems very willing to discuss it, and therefore it can do no harm to talk of it with him."

"Hum! It may. I am afraid he likes the discusser more than the discussion. But, my dear, it would be unfortunate—excuse me, and disagreeable to you, if this young gentleman were to admire you, or say he did, and mean nothing all the while."

"Indeed it would," replied Constance, laughing. "I am not going to allow a flirtation of the kind with him. You need not fear; I can keep the gentleman in order. But I wanted to ask you something about Irene."

"Ah! What is it? About her lovers, I presume. Ah! she's a sweet little thing; but Mr. Morton ought to fetch her away from Philadelphia, or else he'll be sorry, I guess."

"Why, has she so many lovers?"

"Oh, six or seven, not more, I fancy; but it would not matter if Edward Maxwell were not the most favoured of all. It would not matter if she were not a planter's daughter. But, upon my honour, it's almost as good as a novel to think of her loving that enthusiastic abolitionist, if it were not likely to be so very, very awkward."

"It will be, indeed," replied Constance gravely. "I wonder Mr. Morton lets her remain so long away from him. He ought not."

"No, he ought not. But perhaps he finds that his wife has a temper—young Southern ladies sometimes have—and does not want Irene. Well, good-bye, my dear Miss Annersly—success to you, and remember my counsel. Keep clear of the negro question, and be on your guard against the admiration of this young Southerner. I can see it, if you can't. God bless you! Good-bye."

CHAPTER XII.

Whether or not Miss Annersly would have profited by the Doctor's advice, and succeeded in avoiding the dangerous topic, is not to be decided, for Chestnut Brook became the scene of great anxiety and distress, which engrossed the minds of its owners too much to allow her opinions or prejudices to occupy their attention.

Two days after Dr. Mayworth left South Carolina, a letter arrived informing Mrs. Mavor Burgoyne that her mother was extremely ill with a dangerous fever, and Eleanor, taking alarm from the tone of the letter, set off for Charleston at once. Mavor wished to accompany his wife, for they had never yet been separated a day since their marriage, but Colonel Burgoyne, who was going to Charleston on business, insisted that he should be a sufficient escort for Eleanor, and that it would not do for

both masters to be absent from home at once. Mavor unwillingly consented to let Eleanor go, promising himself he would join her as soon as his father returned; but before that time he was incapacitated from going by a serious accident. Confident in his own powers of horsemanship, he attempted to break in the vicious colt which had proved too strong for Jonas; and losing command of the animal, he was thrown from the saddle, dragged some way along the ground, and taken up senseless, and with his arm fractured. He recovered consciousness at last, but to great suffering.

Constance, at Mrs. Burgoyne's order, sent off Hargrave and Jonas, one to the town of Madison for the surgeon, and one to West Creek for Chauncey, but neither made his appearance, though seven or eight hours passed on. Mrs. Burgoyne and Constance were no strangers to illness, but their experience only served to make them more anxious until they could hear from the surgeon what was the amount of mischief done. Constance wished Mr. Chauncey would come, for she knew he would be some comfort to his mother, but neither he

nor the surgeon arrived, and every hour increased Mavor's sufferings. Another messenger was despatched to Madison, but it was already evening before Dr. Jeffries's carriage appeared, and when he examined the broken limb, he shook his head, and said valuable time had been lost.

"Why did you not come sooner, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Burgoyne, in agony, when the Doctor delivered this opinion, after setting the limb. "I sent to you directly the accident had occurred."

"My dear madam, I only heard of it just before I set out, and I came as fast as my horses would go. But I never had any message from you at all. It was Mr. Ellsland who sent word to me to hasten here, saying there was a report of an accident."

"I sent off to you ten hours since," said Mrs. Burgoyne, in astonishment. "I thought I had chosen the trustiest servant on the place. And that is why Chauncey does not come, then," she added, turning to Constance. "Those wretched niggers! they will do nothing now the Colonel is out, and they have gone to enjoy a day's

ride in the wood while my poor boy is lying here dying."

"Not dying, dear madam — do not be so alarmed," said Dr. Jeffries, soothingly, "I have told you the injury to his head is of no consequence, and I do not think there is any danger to be apprehended. I fear he will have great suffering, but he will recover."

"Then, dear Miss Annersly, go and send some one off to the Creek, for it is plain Jonas has not gone there," said Mrs. Burgoyne; and Constance went to do so, but while she was summoning the messenger, Chauncey galloped up to the door, and, springing off his horse, asked in great agitation how his brother was.

"The surgeon says there is no danger, but he is in great pain, and has broken his arm," replied Constance; and Chauncey hurried up to his brother's room.

Mavor's sufferings increased hourly. The surgeon still persisted there was no great danger, but the unfortunate delay in setting the limb had certainly caused greater inflammation than he had hoped to see; his third visit was, however, more satisfactory,

and he pronounced his patient in as fair a way as he could expect.

Mrs. Burgoyne had written to Eleanor the most favourable report that she could, for she knew if Mrs. Randolph were dying it would be impossible for her to return, and yet an agony to remain away from her husband; and the next post brought such news of Mrs. Randolph's state, that she was glad she had done so, and thankful to be able to send off the surgeon's last and more cheering report to the poor young wife, whose conflicting duties placed her in the most painful position. However, she knew she had no need to go back for the sake of nursing her husband, for his mother was always by his bedside.

"How is poor Mavor, this morning?" asked Eustace of Chauncey, the fifth day after the accident had occurred. "Have you had Harvey whipped for loitering when he went for Dr. Jeffries?"

"I told Henning to whip him, but I countermanded the order, for I find it was not his fault," replied his brother.

"Not his fault? whose then?"

"Why, ours, for not making Miss An-

nersly aware that she ought to have given him a pass to Madison."

"A pass? was it necessary?" said Constance, in surprise; "they go so often with the letters."

"Jonas has a general one for the road; and besides, the letter-bag is a credential; but Miss Annersly, you gave Harvey none, and he was a fool not to ask for it; and of course Ellsland's overseer, who met him, detained him as he had none. Fortunately Ellsland, on hearing his story, thought it might be true, and so he sent off a messenger himself to the Doctor to come on here on the chance."

"And Jonas?" asked Constance, biting her lips.

"He was met by Mr. Jackson, who lives near me, and he waited for some one to send him back by; but at last brought him to West Creek, aad I came off directly. Miss Annersly," added Chauncey in a very low voice, so that Eustace could not hear his words, "you must have been very much frightened to have forgotten the *necessity* of giving a properly written pass to a servant when you sent him out."

"I see, I will remember another time," said Constance. "I did not imagine it would be necessary for so short a distance. Pray, how many furlongs may you send a servant without a pass to protect him?"

Chauncey saw the irony concealed under her tone of assumed innocence, and replied promptly:

"Not a furlong. You think it a needless precaution, but if some such system of taking up all coloured people found at large without certificates were not generally adopted, we should have no servants left us; they would run off in all directions to-morrow."

"Why, I thought they were all so contented and happy; so much better off than the free labourers in the North," said Constance, gravely.

"So the fools are, if they did but know it, but they are spoiled by talking with runaway niggers in the swamps, and with lying pestilent abolitionists who tell them they will find all play and no work, and everything they like at the North, and put nonsensical ideas of freedom into their heads. And then the first time they re-

ceive a whipping off they go. I always expect to lose a nigger after one of those sneaking Northerners has been prowling round the farm."

"Do they come often?" said Constance, willing to hear more, and slowly arranging the envelopes in the writing-case.

"Not very often, thank goodness! we take care of that. I caught one of them some months back, and I told him I would let him go then, but if ever I met him again on my plantation I would send a bullet through him, so I hope he will keep away."

"Then you do not want to shoot him?" said Constance, unable to repress a smile; and Chauncey, who seemed almost to have the power of reading her thoughts, exclaimed:

"You know him, I am certain. Confess now, Miss Annersly; Mr. Edward Maxwell."

"Mr. Maxwell, — yes, I met him by chance at a house in Philadelphia, and I must say I thought him—"

"An intelligent man, and a gentleman too," said Chauncey. "I quite agree. I

was obliged to keep him with me a few days as a prisoner, for fear Ellsland, who was looking for him, should find him out. Of course we argued 'the question' over and over again, but I think we made no impression on each other. At least, I'll answer for one of the parties. But remember, Miss Annersly, you need not mention my having let him go to any one."

"Oh! I am quite aware it would be an indiscretion," answered Constance. "But excuse me, I must go to the children."

It had cost Miss Annersly many arguments to persuade her pupils that they would do well to continue their studies, even though their brother was ill; but she insisted on the point, as she saw it was the only means of securing some quiet in the house. She was not, however, able to superintend them in the schoolroom, for on the second day after Mavor's accident she was called by Mrs. Burgoyne to receive the keys of everything, and requested to overlook the household as well as she could during the mistress's absence in the sick room. Constance promised to do so very cheerfully, not having the least idea of the

responsibilities she was assuming, and therefore supposing it to be the easiest of tasks, a delusion, however, which could not last above a day or two. She did not hear the opinions expressed by the servants of her incapacity, or their rejoicings over her inexperience and probable blindness to all their faults, but she soon found she could not command their obedience, accustomed as they were to be kept in awe by very different methods, and she shortly saw her task would be a difficult one.

For three or four days she made a struggle to attend to the children and the house at the same time, but this was beyond her power. Her authority was not sufficient to control the slaves unless she remained to see her orders actually carried out; and when they once discovered her reluctance to order them any punishment, indeed the impossibility of her making that effort over her own feelings, they took advantage of her tender-heartedness to behave with the utmost insolence and sauciness. They openly disobeyed her orders, stole the wine and provisions with barefaced impudence, and conducted matters

in the kitchen in such a style that even she, inexperienced and ignorant as she was, saw all was not right, and that to fulfil the duties she had undertaken would require her undivided attention and time.

"Lucy, you must hear Eustace his lessons, and you and he must help Frank and Georgy, for I cannot be with you now. I must give up all the time to looking after Ellie and the other servants."

"Why don't you whip them and make them mind you, dear Miss Annersly?" said Lucy; "but you may quite trust us, we will do our lessons as well as if you were with us."

Lucy meant to keep her word, but, in spite of the best intentions, she and Eustace were so far from giving satisfaction to the younger ones that Constance, on the third day, after being compelled four times to leave her multifarious duties and hurry to the schoolroom to appease the storm she heard rising, saw that the plan of mutual instruction would never do, and decided on publishing a general holiday until she could herself return to keep order. She went to the schoolroom to announce this

resolution, but was stopped by both Jonas and Jess at once.

"Please, Miss Ann'sly, my wife Susy 's sick. Won't you come down and see her?"

"Miss Ann'sly, there ain't more nor fourteen pair of sheets in the wash, as I can see, and Ellie says there'd ought to be eighteen."

"Oh! please, dear Miss Annersly, will you come and hear my French? I won't say it to Eustace," cried Georgy, running out of the schoolroom.

Constance felt perfectly bewildered with these various applications; she sent Georgy away into the garden, and promised Jonas she would see his wife presently. Then, turning to Jessy, she said, somewhat severely, for she was much irritated by the girl's impudent manner, "You know there must be more sheets."

"No, there ain't, miss," replied the girl, saucily.

"Go and find them, and look everywhere for them," said Constance; but as Jess did not move she turned away in despair, and prepared to follow Jonas.

"I wish I could be of any use to you,

Miss Annersly," said Chauncey, who just then crossed the hall. "Can I really do nothing? I am perfectly ashamed of being so utterly useless while there is still so much to be done."

"I thought, sir, you were helping to nurse Mr. Mavor."

"No, my services are dispensed with; the feminine element is now predominant, and I am voted to be no nurse at all, and ignominiously given permission to ride back to the Creek. But before I go I would fain be of use to you. Can I hear the children's lessons for you?"

"If you like, but you will need to have a great stock of patience," said Constance, hesitating. He understood her doubts, and laughed.

"They will tax my forbearance? Oh, yes, I know that; but I'll try and manage them;" and he went to the schoolroom, while Constance, feeling many misgivings as to his success, took her hat and followed Jonas to the garden, where, to her dismay, she found that Chauncey, resolved to do his work thoroughly, had called in Frank and Georgy from their play and secured

them also in the schoolroom. However, an hour later she found the children in very high spirits, and all much satisfied with their new instructor, while he said they had made great progress, both in power of attention and quickness of comprehension, since he last had the task of instructing them. He offered to take charge of them every morning while he remained at Chestnut Brook, and this, with the exception of one or two flying visits to the Creek, he continued to do all the time of his brother's illness.

Constance was much relieved to know her pupils were in good hands and under rule, and, to her great satisfaction, she found a change had come among the servants, and they all, even the saucy Jessy, were obedient and orderly — an improvement which she naturally ascribed to the absence of all punishment, and the employment of judicious, moral suasion.

Mavor was slowly recovering, but his mother was still constantly occupied with him, being afraid of trusting him to injudicious and forgetful servants, although both Letta and Clara, who had been his

nurses before in a long fever, were also his constant attendants. His mother was, however, now able to seek the rest she so much needed, and the consciousness that she had a faithful coadjutor and representative downstairs in Constance eased her mind, as she told Chauncey, of many harassing cares.

"Now I know that all is going on right down below I can go and keep quiet whenever Mavor does not want me. That dear sweet girl! I owe her more than anyone will believe. I should have become quite ill without her help. There are few like her, in spite of all her English prejudices. I am perfectly astonished to find how well she does. I should not have expected her to have half the managing talent she shows. The servants are quite under order."

Chauncey smiled and made no rejoinder, for he knew the secret of Miss Annersly's success was not in her somewhat overrated power of managing, but in the timely assistance which he, well aware of the impossibility of controlling a Southern household without the whip, had given her

unknown to herself. He had pitied the poor girl, too tender-hearted and too new to the business to make proper use of her power, and therefore defenceless against the impudence of the slaves, who mistook her forbearance for cowardice, or want of delegated authority; and while he was amused at her difficulties, and rather triumphant at the failure of her Northern theories, as he considered her dislike of punishment, he applied the check in the right place, by calling the housekeeper and head cook to him and telling them they had full permission to report for flogging to the overseer those under them, so as to keep order in their respective provinces; but that that authority being given them he should hold them responsible for any trouble their subordinates gave Miss Annersly during the time of her administration.

"If she is vexed, or complains of anything wrong, I shall know to whom to call in Mr. Henning; so look to the girls yourselves if you wish to escape," he concluded; and these injunctions, having converted Ellie and the cook into firm allies of Miss

Annersly in the task of maintaining order, the household affairs became immediately re-organised, and peace and quiet were restored, all which improvements the innocent Constance attributed to her own good management and influence, and the absence of all punishment; and she worked with renewed courage accordingly.

Colonel Burgoyne had now returned home, and Chauncey was able, therefore, to ride over oftener to West Creek, but when he went he returned quickly to keep his father company, for while Mrs. Burgoyne spent her evenings with the invalid, the Colonel was very dull. He had no talent as a nurse, and he liked conversation, so he was glad to invite Miss Annersly to join him and entertain him in the evening when Chauncey was away, and even when he was at Chestnut Brook. Constance was very attentive to all Colonel Burgoyne's wishes and fancies, and they were not a few, and he in return appreciated her society, and even forgave her "unfortunate Northern prejudices," reserving to himself the hope of soon overcoming them by argument or the force of example.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I CANNOT tell you how grateful I feel, personally, to you, Miss Annersly, for the zeal and energy with which you have assisted my mother at this time," Chauncey said warmly one morning as he approached the writing-table, where Constance was reckoning up and balancing the accounts of the various stores that had been given out. "Without you, she never could have borne so much anxiety and fatigue."

"I shall be very glad if Mrs. Burgoyne finds I have been of use to her," said Constance, quietly; "but I fear she will not think much of my housekeeping talents when she comes to investigate them."

"The friend in need is the real friend, and you have managed to take her place when she most wanted assistance," said Chauncey. "Do you not believe me? I heard her say all this herself. Indeed, I am not adding thereto in the least."

"How is Mr. Mavor this morning?" asked Constance, rising and putting away her papers.

"He is better, but much worried in mind. We have had another letter from Eleanor. She tells him her mother is dying, and he is truly grieved at being away from her at such a time. I have offered to go to Charleston to see how she is, if he likes, but he wants my mother to go; he thinks she could comfort her a little, but I do not suppose she will wish to leave him till he can move to the sofa."

"Quite right too, with only those stupid servants for his nurses," thought Constance; but other people entertained different opinions.

"Why don't missis go to Charleston, if she wants to?" said Ellie to Letta. "We can look after Master Mavor, and Clara can manage him a deal better nor she can."

"Madam Eleanor won't thank her for letting him see so much of Clara," replied Letta, drily.

"Or you either, I s'pose, for that matter; but Letta, child, you look arter Jess—that

she don't come between Mr. Mavor and you."

"Jess! with her great black face — there is no danger," said Letta, contemptuously; "and I do not care if she does."

"Ah! but she is cleverer nor you think; and you oughter care, Letta. You wouldn't like t' have Jess in your place, and your Charlie sent right away out of the kitchen, down to the quarters, to be cold and hungry with the other chil'ren. Keep your 'vantages now you've got 'em."

Constance, who overheard this colloquy, went downstairs sad at heart, thinking of what poor Eleanor's feelings would be, had she heard it, and was only startled from these thoughts by running against Jessy, who was carrying a cup of chocolate upstairs for the invalid. Constance always disliked meeting Jess, and often felt even frightened at her. She was perfectly black, with eyes bright as a serpent's, and her ivory teeth were as close set and regular as those of a wild animal. Regular teeth are a charm in any face; but, nevertheless, they have a certain affinity with the savage or natural man, and, consequently, with the

brute creation, or rather with the splendid types of force and energy exhibited in the carnivora. In a highly intellectual and agreeable countenance they give an expression of strength — in a brutal one, a look of ferocity. Jessy's face was the type of low cunning and mischief, and her shining rows of teeth added so much energy to it, that Constance never beheld her without a little uneasiness and almost superstitious dread; and she was glad to find other people could appreciate her feelings, for when that evening she casually alluded to her singular appearance, Colonel Burgoyne laughed and said —

"You are quite right; she is decidedly queer."

"She startled me the other evening," said Chauncey, looking up from his book, in which, seeing Miss Annersly was entertaining his father, he had apparently absorbed himself. "I met her in the hall in the dusk, did not know she was there till I saw her teeth and eyes shining at me at once. She has something half wild, like a bird or a panther in her. I think it is not at all displeasing."

"She is almost a native African," said Colonel Burgoyne, "she was born on the voyage here, and she has a great deal of the savage left in her."

"Born on the voyage here?" repeated Constance, wonderingly, and then catching the truth from Chauncey's rising colour, or from his father's sudden silence, she asked—

"Do you mean, sir, that her mother was brought over from Africa? I thought, sir, you said the slave-trade was totally abolished here."

"Oh, yes, indeed it is made piracy by the laws," said Colonel Burgoyne; "but the Spaniards still maintain it, and sometimes African negroes are brought over surreptitiously from Cuba into the United States."

This explanation, so promptly given, would have satisfied Constance, but Chauncey added quickly—

"And there is now and then a cargo of niggers brought to our coast, and their landing is connived at by those planters who want fresh hands, though the present laws forbid it."

Whatever possessed Chauncey that he should offer that piece of unnecessary in-

formation Colonel Burgoyne could not tell, nor, perhaps, could Chauncey himself, unless it were a passing sentiment of honour which forbade him to let Miss Annersly, so just and fair in argument herself, be hoodwinked by a false statement. Perhaps it was part of his usual idiosyncrasy, the dread of being thought better of than he deserved, which induced him to thus denounce his countrymen, and as a consequence himself included. Be that as it may, he looked triumphant, and smiled a smile of good-humoured defiance at the expression of horror which was on her countenance, while turning to him, she exclaimed—

"Negroes landed on this coast when the slave trade has been abolished for so long! Actually landed! I knew you wished the trade to be revived; but I did not imagine it could exist in a country like America now."

"Thank you for the compliment implied," said Chauncey, pushing away his book as if ready for an argument, but his father broke in, saying impatiently,—

"And I cannot imagine why you, Chauncey, want to re-open the trade at all. I see

no good reason for doing so; it would injure us every one. The value of stock will fall to nothing; and Virginia, and perhaps South Carolina too, would be utterly ruined."

"I would be very ready to make Virginia a compensation," answered his son, "and to those in our own state who would require it. Of course I and you, sir, would be the losers, if an immense importation of niggers destroyed the value of our own property, but it is not of our interests, but of those of the nation that we are speaking: if that demands the re-opening of the trade, our loss is not worth a moment's consideration. Still, I would offer Virginia some compensation, if it were certain that her interests would be materially affected by the revival of the trade."

"And there you are wrong, Chauncey," said a voice at the open window. It was Mr. Ellsland, who, to the surprise of all, entered the room, followed by two other gentlemen, and apologised for their intrusion at so late an hour, as the consequence of a delay on the road.

"You are welcome, Ellsland, at any time and hour," said Chauncey, and then

shaking hands warmly with one of the strangers, he exclaimed —

"This is a most unexpected pleasure indeed! How came you to be in this neighbourhood? Father, let me make you and Mr. Price of Missouri acquainted."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Colonel Burgoyne, who had been welcoming the third comer. "It has long been my earnest desire to meet Mr. Price — and Chauncey, here is also a friend of whom you have heard much, but never yet seen, I think, —Captain Legh from Georgia, now going to be our neighbour. But why should I say from Georgia, Captain Legh? You have been living on your estate near Charleston these three years, have not you?"

Chauncey greeted Captain Legh with evident pleasure, while Mr. Price inquired from Colonel Burgoyne about his eldest son's health, adding, that he had hesitated whether to present himself or not at Chestnut Brook, from uncertainty as to Mr. Mavor Burgoyne's state, but that Ellsland had assured him he was going on well, and brought him on with his friend Legh. Colonel Burgoyne expressed himself very

glad Ellsland had done so, and asked Miss Annersly to acquaint Mrs. Burgoyne with their arrival, and order supper for his guests. When she came back, they had finished their inquiries and regrets about Mavor's accident, and had again launched into the old, but ever new subject of politics."

"As to what you were saying, Chauncey," began Ellsland. "I would not give compensation; if it's for the good of the slaveholding interest that niggers should be cheap, which it is, I'd let them come in. I should lose by it, I know, and I work five hundred niggers, but I should say, hang it! never mind."

"If you admit them, Virginia will justly complain," said Captain Legh, "and her rights should be respected. I think so, though I'm from Georgia myself."

"Very true," said Mr. Price; "but, on the other hand, our western states have claims, natural claims, which must have weight against the privileges of an old aristocracy. We want niggers. We cannot buy enough at your prices to stock our new country; I would willingly offer you a

compensation for your losses, but have more niggers we must."

Constance had returned to say Mrs. Burgoyne would soon join them, and now sat an attentive, and it is to be hoped an edified listener to the discussion.

"Every poor white fellow ought to have the power to own a nigger or two," said Ellsland. "Then we should have a thriving population of good citizens."

"I only want the trade made legal, not to be branded as piracy," said the logical Chauncey. "I do not see, for my part, that the pauper whites of this state are fit to hold niggers, or be 'good citizens;' they never would be that."

"But holding niggers would make them so," said Mr. Price. "Not fit! did you say? Anyone can hold or manage a nigger, I should think; it's not so difficult a task."

"It's downright absurd, that when so much American capital and American enterprise are engaged in the African trade, our captains should have to run their ships to Cuba, instead of landing them at once on our own coast," said Ellsland.

"And it's absurd that when the want of

niggers is ruining the Western states, we may not have them when there are thousands to be had," said the Missourian Price.

"Not to be wasted in the hands of your wretched drunken paupers, who cannot earn money enough to buy one at the regular price," said Chauncey. "If you want niggers make *them* slaves. They are fit for nothing else, and the state would be all the quieter for it."

Colonel Burgoyne and Messrs. Price and Legh looked aghast at this proposition, but Ellsland replied, half laughing,—

"Well, Chauncey, you are a thorough goer, at all events, but that's too strong even for me. But even if this were done, and the mean whites made into niggers, the supply would still not be equal to the demand for labour, without the importation of some niggers from Africa."

Captain Legh declared himself overcome at the idea of enslaving white men. It was unnatural, horrible to think of. The negroes were an inferior race, created by Divine wisdom for bondage, and constituted for it; but the idea of enslaving a

white man was high treason against human rights.

"It is not a question of negro slavery," said Chauncey. "Negro slavery itself is a mere accident of race; it is the question whether the government of the more intelligent, the aristocracy, over the ignorant and degraded, be not wise and desirable, whether the planter shall have servants or not. It is not necessarily a question of race. The early colonists of this country had white men, who had forfeited their liberty by crimes, for slaves. The old Roman laws, which should be the model of our republic, provided that those free men who were too poor to maintain their families should sell themselves to a master, and so secure a maintenance for the rest of their lives."

"But, sir, sir," said Mr. Price, appealing to Colonel Burgoyne, "think of the precedent of allowing white men to be held as servants under any circumstances."

"I don't see why we should object to it, if you once merge the question of negro

servitude into the natural subjection of the lower to the upper classes," persisted Chauncey.

"You would make it legal to hold white men in slavery!" exclaimed the gentleman from the Western states, who, being of comparatively new blood himself, felt the horror of the proposition keenly.

"I would get rid of our pauper population, which is a disgrace to the country," said Chauncey, "They are always willing to sell their children now to us for rum, and I would make it compulsory for them to do so, or remove from the state; and in a few years this idle, vagabond class would have disappeared, or be incorporated among our niggers."

At this point the discussion was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Burgoyne and Lucy, but after a few minutes of general conversation, the party separated into two groups, and leaving Mr. Price talking to his host and hostess, Ellsland and Legh followed Chauncey to the other side of the room, and there renewed the argument. Constance succeeded in changing her seat to one nearer them, but she

was only in time to hear Chauncey concluding.

"Yes, it is but fair that the ocean slave trade should be re-opened. I have always said it, and I feel that justice now demands it."

Constance, though desirous to remain unnoticed, was unable to repress a movement at this last announcement. Her movement apprised Chauncey of her presence, and he looked towards her with his former rather defiant smile, as if to say he was quite ready to defend his principles again with her if she liked. But his friends now began talking of other things.

"I saw a splendid girl the other day at old Thompson's sale," said Legh. "Really splendid! — tall, and almost white. I wish you could have seen her, Mr. Burgoyne."

"Thank you," replied Chauncey shortly; and by a rapid sign he directed the other's attention to the fact that a lady was within hearing, and the conversation was quickly changed to the kindred subject of the price and value of horses, which lasted until supper was announced.

Ellsland and his two companions left Chestnut Brook the next morning, accompanied by Chauncey on his way to Charleston; whence he wrote home to his mother that Mrs. Randolph had died a few hours before his arrival.

"I think my coming has been some comfort to poor Eleanor," he wrote. "She is much overcome. She seems to feel her mother's death more than her sister does, and yet she is her comforter in it all. Her resignation and her patience in her grief are most touching."

It was some days before Chauncey brought back his sister-in-law. The appearance of poor Eleanor in her deep mourning, and with features swollen with weeping, brought tears to the eyes of Mrs. Burgoyne and Constance, who met her at the door. She threw herself into Mrs. Burgoyne's arms, in a burst of silent but heart-breaking grief, and was unable to speak for several minutes, till that lady led her away, and with gentle tact succeeded in calming her by the suggestion that she must not agitate Mavor, and then took her up to his room.

"Poor child!" said Colonel Burgoyne, brushing away a tear as he looked after her, "I do pity her from my heart. It shall be my care that she shall be as happy with us as she can. She shall not regret having come into our family. I dare say you have comforted her as well as anyone there could, Chauncey, but she will do better now that she's got back to Mavor; he is the only one who can really console her." * * *

"Don't fret, Clara," said Letta, putting her arm gently round her companion. "You can go back to your child, who is wanting you."

"I know it does, but I cannot help crying, Letty. Oh! how I hate her!" replied the quadroon. "Ah! you don't care, Letty, but you are ungrateful for his love."

"Ungrateful!" said Letta, bitterly. "Oh, yes, very ungrateful for his love; I don't want it. But you, poor thing, you need not fret, you will soon meet him again; it's only waiting a few months, and he'll soon send for you."

"Yes, if Jess don't come between us.

I don't mind you, Letta, but I fears Jessy. She hates me, she does."

"You needn't fear, she's after some one else. West Creek is as good as Chestnut Brook, any day. Now go home, and look as merry as you can."

Clara went, while Letta, dashing away a tear, returned to her clearstarching, carrying on a baby talk the while with her little boy, who was sitting on the ground by her.

"You are vexed enough that Madam Eleanor is come home, I suppose?" said Hargrave the coachman, as he stopped to look at her. There was a sneer in his tone, and Letta replied shortly, —

"No, I'm not; and if I was, it's no affair of yours."

"No, I don't suppose it is," he replied; "while you can please him you care for no one else's good word."

"Harvey, I don't deserve this," said Letta, fiercely, turning away to hide her rising colour and gathering tears. Hargrave walked away with a muttered oath, and Letta, left alone, fairly burst into tears.

"He thinks me just as bad as the rest

of them, and I dare say I don't seem much better," she thought, "but God knows I don't wish to be; and if they'd only let me alone I'd be thankful," and hearing the housekeeper's step approaching, she hastily dried her eyes and began singing as she continued her work.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dr. Mayworth returned to Philadelphia loud in praise of the South, and prepared to convince Maxwell that negro slavery was a mild and even salutary institution. Edward heard him out quietly, and merely observed when he had done, —

"The Burgoyne family are amongst the most cultivated and educated of their class, and I am not surprised that you are pleased with them."

"But I hope we shall convince you yet that all your abolitionism is a humbug," said the Doctor. "He ought to give up that nonsense, oughtn't he, Miss Morton?"

"I wish he would think he ought to give it up," replied Irene, sighing; "but we must change his opinions, not try to make him false to them."

"Ah! and above all, now, to-morrow he and his friends are going to have a great convention, I suppose, and he will come out strong," said Dr. Mayworth.

"Is it to-morrow, Edward! Oh! I wish I could go and hear your speech," said Miss Morton, quickly; but Mrs. Lessing exclaimed —

"You go there! My dear child, what would people say? It is impossible."

"And what do you, a Southerner, want to go for?" said Dr. Mayworth. "Do you want to be convinced that all your own people are wrong?"

"Of course not; and I shall keep my veil down, and nobody will know me. Do you think, Edward, you could possibly find any nice respectable lady to take me?"

"Very easily, if you will allow that any abolitionist can be a respectable person," replied Maxwell, laughing; and the next day he called on her with a kind-looking Quaker lady, who consented to take charge of the young beauty for that evening. She brought her back, it is to be hoped, somewhat edified, certainly much excited with all she had heard.

"Oh! how eloquent he was! How I wish he were not one of these abolitionists! I could love him so much if he

were not," she exclaimed, unguardedly, to her governess.

"But as he is an abolitionist, and you do not love him, it is a pity to talk so," observed Mrs. Lessing, calmly.

"Perhaps it is," replied Irene lightly, kissing her, and all further conversation on the subject was dropped; but the next day Irene talked unceasingly of the previous evening's expedition, and when walking called at an humble little house to patronise a poor coloured woman, promising to give her some needlework to do for her, and condescending to make many inquiries about her affairs, for no other apparent reason than hearing her expatiate on Mr. Maxwell's goodness. All these were unmistakable signs, and Mrs. Lessing began to feel very uneasy. Two days afterwards she found Irene in tears, and hastily inquiring the cause, received for answer—

"Oh! it's nothing; only I have been talking to Edward, and ——"

"And he has been making love to you. I knew it would be so," exclaimed the governess, indignantly. "He ought to be ashamed of himself. He ought to have remembered who you are."

"Oh! I have told him he never must think of making love to me while he is an abolitionist, for papa would never hear of it."

"Irene! you never told him that?" said Mrs. Lessing in dismay. "Why, that is tantamount to saying you will love him if he should change his principles."

"Oh! he won't change; he is as firm as his old Plymouth rock," replied Irene. "No, it is all over between us — all broken off."

"I was not aware there was anything to break off," said Mrs. Lessing, severely. She was much distressed to find matters had gone so far, and when she saw Irene dull and listless while Maxwell never appeared at their house or the Doctor's, she blamed herself more and more for her carelessness in letting this unfortunate attachment spring up where it should have been so carefully guarded against.

If Irene was unhappy and listless, Maxwell was almost desperate. She loved him, certainly, but she was still too much of a child to love passionately; Edward was her second love, as Charles Annersly had been her first. But *he* had loved *her* since the

day he first talked with her, and the recollection that he had saved her father's life had given him hope, despite the unfortunate barrier which his political principles had seemed to place between them. Unfortunately Irene had not been able to hide from him that his attachment to the anti-slavery cause was her real reason for discouraging his love, and this proof of the animosity his steady adherence to his principles was awakening against him came at a time when he was sufficiently downhearted, without any additional cause of vexation.

His untiring efforts in behalf of the unfortunate negroes had brought a storm of opposition upon him. Newspaper editors heaped unqualified and unlimited abuse on his name; men of substance and worth began to fight shy of him; even old acquaintances, who had known him from a child, now wrote him warning letters of reproof. The former playmates of his boyhood turned away from him, and when all this might have been patiently endured, he had the further pain of incurring the displeasure of his own parents. At first

he had looked to them for support and encouragement; "they had taught him as a boy to honour the right and the truth, and resist wrong; to respect human rights, and fulfil the duties of a free citizen. How could they, born in Boston, in the free state of Massachusetts, the descendants of men who wandered into voluntary exile for the sake of a free conscience and the privilege to live by it, how could they blame him if, acting on their principles, he devoted his life and energy to procuring liberty and justice to the oppressed and enslaved, whose cry for help had chanced to reach him?" So he said to his parents, but he failed to convince them; his father thought him a fool, his mother said he was too good to succeed in this world, and wished, for his sister's sake, he would be more moderate in his expressions. In vain he showed them, or endeavoured to explain, that moderation on such a subject was impossible; that to do any good to the slaves at all, he must take active measures either in ransoming and aiding the fugitives, or opposing and condemning the inhumanity of the slaveholders: they shook their heads and said

no more, and Edward returned to Philadelphia sadly discouraged. He had welcomed with joy the proposal of his sister to come and stay with him while she consulted Dr. Mayworth, and he devoted himself to her during her visit, escorting her to theatres and réunions which he hated, and finding friends and acquaintances for her even in families whose society was most irksome to himself, hoping to win her approbation and sympathy for the work he had so near his heart, and through her to mollify the displeasure of his father and brother. But success did not attend him; his sister wrote back to lament that Edward, who it appeared might have been a favourite everywhere, was rapidly outlawing himself from all respectable society by his ridiculous attachment to his hobby. Then several fellow-merchants quarrelled with him in consequence of his making the painful discovery that they were the real patrons and outfitters of a slaver which had just been seized by a United States cruiser; and when Miss Maxwell returned to Boston, it was only to confirm the general opinion at home, that Edward was

ruining his prospects and good name, and that the greatest kindness possible to him would be to bring him to reason by any means; even by a temporary cessation of intercourse, as a mark of disapprobation, and as an incentive to reform. This conclusion had been taken and acted on for some time before Maxwell discovered it through the agency of a friend whom, in despair at receiving no answer to his repeated letters, he commissioned to call on his family; and he then received a short explicit note from his sister, informing him that his father chose to mark his displeasure at his folly by continued silence, and hoped that he would be wiser in future, and seek to make himself friends instead of enemies, as he now did by his violent and unpatriotic conduct.

Edward had not shrunk from danger and suffering; when alone and unprotected he ventured into George Ellsland's plantation in search of poor Cassy, of whom he had promised her old mother he would try and learn news, nor when he first found himself a prisoner in Chauncey's hands, nor when magistrates and mayor cautioned

him in severe tones to desist from his ill-advised opposition to the gentlemen of the South, and enforced their admonitions by heavy and but ill-afforded fines: the consciousness of a good cause upheld him then, and he stood firm; but his courage quailed before this last trial, and he shed tears over his sister's letter as he read this sentence of excommunication. He had not, till now, realised the penalty of advocating unpopular opinions, and he realised it well when Irene told him plainly that, unless he gave up his absurd philanthropy, he must not think of her again.

But, as usual in the minds of those who have devoted themselves to a great cause, Edward, after the first moment of bitter regret, clung more than ever to the principles which had lost him friends and love. "Enemies! make friends!" did his father say? The slaveowners, the oppressors, were of course his enemies; but did he value their friendship? Was it worth one of the fervent blessings which he had received from the poor fugitives he had helped to escape from their cruelty? He had friends, too, in many noble men and

women of his own way of thinking in Philadelphia alone; their sympathy was worth more to him than the smiles of the world; and strengthening himself for his task by remembering their steadfastness, he kept to his work, disregardful of the opprobrium and hostility of the slave-owning aristocracy and their Northern apologists.

Maxwell did not visit Dr. Mayworth or Miss Morton for a fortnight or more. At the end of that time he received a letter in Irene's delicate but still unformed hand-writing.

"Dear Edward,—Are we never to see you again? Why, because I have told you that it never can be as you wished, while you remain still so opposed to papa, are we not to meet as *friends?* Come what may, I shall always remember that I owe my father to you, and you have been my best friend since I came here. Do come, and let all be as it was two months ago.

"Yours very sincerely,

"Irene Morton."

This invitation was what no man could

have resisted; either Irene was absolutely unconscious of the depth of Edward's love, or she was trying to win him away from the principles he had adopted. Maxwell thought he was sure of himself, and went to Dr. Mayworth's house, where he was met by Irene with a cordiality that revived his hopes, amused the Doctor, and fairly exasperated Mrs. Lessing and her friend Daniel Wyatt.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

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3 0112 041405900